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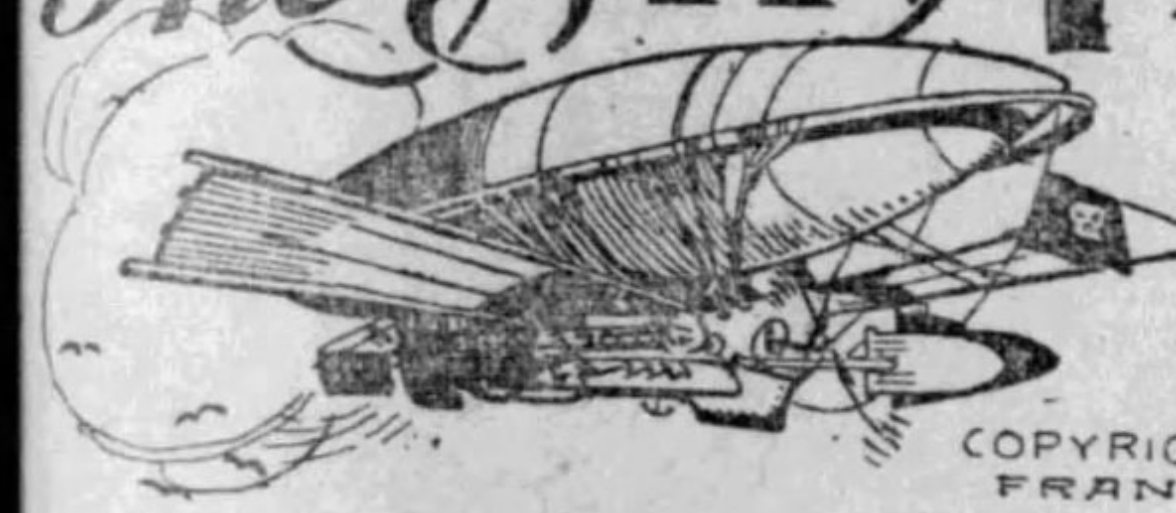
The Sky Pirate



BY
GARRETT
P.
SERVISS

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The reader must not accuse me of immodesty when I tell him that it was to me, as the sequel will show, that Mr. Grantham referred in such flattering terms, although, at that time, I was far from dreaming that I had a friend and admirer in a high place. I was, to be sure, conscious of having done my duty well, and I had been the means of introducing various improvements in the service, but I knew too well the red tape of the department and the jealousy of my superiors to waste any time hoping for immediate recognition. I only wanted a chance to develop my ideas on electric communication, and I thought that, at twenty-one, I could afford to wait. But, quite unsuspected by me, the powers above were working for my good.

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Grantham," said Mr. Grayman, "and I shall be glad to leave the ararngement of the business in your hands. But if I shall be obliged to take a personal part in the work, as of course I shall, I depend upon you to see to my security better than the police did."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the secretary. "The idea of putting you into that fellow's hands in that way! No, Grayman, you need have no fear on that score. It is of more importance that you should be preserved than that your daughter should be rescued."

"Not in my eyes," returned Grayman.

"No, of course not. But have no misgiving; she shall be rescued if it takes all the power and resources of the government to do it. At need I'll call upon the navy department for aid, but I think we can manage it better alone."

"Do as you think best," said Grayman, "but, for God's sake, act quick."

"So I will. I'll think of nothing else. Now, tell me, have you no information as to the location of the pirate's lair?"

"Not the slighest. As I told you, he communicated with me from 'In the Air,' which, you know, may mean anywhere on the round world."

"Exactly so. But his letter is postmarked 'Wheeling, West Virginia,' and your daughter's 'Charlotte, North Carolina,' and he promised that he would communicate again."

"Yes, and I don't know at what moment a ring on my bell here may come from him. It makes me jump in my chair every time I hear it."

"Now, don't be nervous, my dear fellow," said the secretary. "Of course he will have to communicate again, and, if I am not greatly mistaken in my young lieutenant he will find himself in a box when he does. I'll take the Washington special, which leaves in an hour, and send for my man to come at once to my office. If you hear from Payton communicate immediately with me. Make him any kind of promise, only don't go to meet him.

"Put him off, and try to fix a day when he shall communicate again. Tell him that that will be final—and I reckon that it will be! Now keep up a good heart, Grayman, and we'll get the girl, and save you ten million in the bargain. Just depend upon me and my young man."

If I could have overheard the conversation no one in the world would have been more astonished. I had seen Mr. Grantham two or three times when he sent for me to explain some inventions of mine, and I had once spoken to him about a simple contrivance I had in mind for finding an "unlocated origin" in ethereal telegraphy, but I did not suppose that it had remained in his memory; and, in truth, the thing was so elementary and so unlikely to be of practical use that I soon dismissed it in favor of more promising leads. Still I had perfected it, as far as I could, for my own amusement, and now the fates had decided to base my fortune upon it.

In the afternoon of the same day on which Mr. Grayman had his interview with the secretary of the treasury, the expected telephone call came from Payton. This time the billionaire was primed and nerved for the interview.

As on the first occasion, Payton gave his address "In the Air," and required undirected answers.

"My compliments to you, Mr. Grayman. I suppose you have received my letter?"

"Yes," said Grayman in far better humor than he had answered his mysterious interlocutor the first time, "I have received it, and it has duly impressed me."

"Has it though?" replied Payton. "I'm glad to hear that you are so reasonable and so open to conviction. I knew you would not like to run the risk of a mesalliance for your daughter. It's a great pity, too, but I see I have no chance against all those counts and dukes."

"No more personalities, if you please," said Grayman. "I prefer to talk business."

"Excellent again!" exclaimed Payton. "I infer that you have decided that the best way is the shortest way. You have seen, indeed, that, in this case, there is no other. But, remember, no fooling this time. I won't put up with it again. If you will bring the money to——"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Grayman, mindful of the secretary's injunction. "I am involved in transactions of the utmost importance which absolutely forbid my absence just now. I can't tell yet exactly when I can get away, but it will be very soon. Suppose you call me up again tomorrow. By that time I'll know when I can leave my affairs, and we can fix a date."

There was a pause before Payton's reply came, and Mr. Grayman had a qualm of misgiving. Had he been going too fast? But the current which had begun to set his way held steady.

If Payton felt a momentary doubt he apparently quickly dismissed it, for in half a minute he replied: "Good! You'll hear from me tomorrow at the same hour."

As soon as the conversation was ended Mr. Grayman called up the secretary of the treasury in Washington.

As soon as he was in communication with that official he recounted in detail what had transpired.

"So!" he exclaimed as soon as Grayman had told him what had just occurred. "Then the nibbling has begun again already! Well, we must hook the fish this time. Only 24 hours you say, I wish it had been longer, but perhaps it will suffice. I shall know as soon as I see my young man, who has been ordered to report to me this afternoon. His name, by the way, is Allan—Lieutenant John Allan. I want you to know that, for I stake my reputation that he will render you a service that you'll never forget. I'll let you know the details of our plan as soon as we have perfected it. In the meantime don't worry about the result. I never felt surer of anything than I do that we are going to bring Alfonso Payton's career to a sudden end."

If the secretary talked more confidently than he felt it was only in order to enhearten his friend, and in that he succeeded. Mr. Grayman, however, had been a little overconfident on his part in thinking that Payton, after all, had suspected nothing of his fresh subterfuge.

It was Payton's business to suspect, and he was an adept at suspicions that count. He knew that Mr. Grayman was laying another trap, but in this case he had no spies to aid him, and he couldn't have guessed from Mr. Grayman's words what the trap would be, because the billionaire did not know himself.

All that Payton concluded was that the delay asked for indicated that somebody was going to be called into the plot. This did not trouble him, for he felt equal to any such emergency. If it had been an ordinary emergency or anything in the line of his previous experience probably he would have been equal to it.

But it was something new that was about to confront him.

CHAPTER XI.

A Hard Task.

When I reached Secretary Grantham's office in response to an imperative summons, I had not the remotest idea of what it meant. A hundred conjectures naturally ran through my head. Nothing of importance with which I had been concerned had occurred lately in the service, so it couldn't be regular business; I had invented, or suggested, nothing new recently. I could recall no shortcoming of which I had been guilty—so all my anxious cogitations simply left me wondering.

Mr. Grantham immediately had me shown into his private office and sent away all the clerks. He asked me, very genially, to be seated.

"Lieutenant Allan," he began, "I have seen you several times, I have heard good reports of you, and I don't mind telling you, now, that I have formed a good opinion of you. I am about to put you to the test. I am come to think that you can hold your tongue."

The secretary had never spoken to me like that before.

"I believe I can, sir."

"Very good. It is quite necessary in this case. The daughter of William Grayman, the New York billionaire, has been stolen by the pirate, Alfonso Payton. I want you to find her and to capture or kill him."

It was indeed a thunderbolt! For a minute I did not know what to say. At last I stammered:

"But—Mr. Grantham—how can I find her?"

"Did you not tell me, not long ago, about an invention of yours for finding 'unlocated origins,' or something of that kind?"

"I believe I did, sir," I replied, a gleam of intelligence as to his drift coming into my mind.

"I thought so. Well, an opportunity is now presented to try the value of your invention. You know, probably, that Mr. Grayman is my particular friend; everybody (with a smile) seems to be aware of that. I am going to aid him to find his daughter, and to punish her abductor, with all the power of the service, and I am going to put you in command, under my personal directions."

"But what shall I do?"

"Listen." Then he went on to tell me of the abduction, of the demand made upon Mr. Grayman, of the communications from Payton, of the abortive enterprise of the police, and of the apparent impossibility of locating the scoundrel and his prisoner.

As already indicated, up to this time there had not been the slightest clue as to where the pirate had established his headquarters.

"It is just here," he said, "that your invention ought to prove invaluable. The first thing to do is to find out where he harbors. That once to run him down."

I saw the case very clearly now, and my heart bounded. Success in this meant everything to me, and I had the confidence and energy of youth.

"I'll try it, sir," I responded promptly.

"And you'll not disappoint me," he returned with a most engaging smile. "Get your apparatus into shape at once. I'll see that you are, from this moment, detailed for special service. As soon as you can get ready, come to see me here and we'll discuss the details."

I left Mr. Grantham's office feeling as if I were in a new world. Without stopping to wonder at the secretary's sudden exhibition of confidence in me, I hurried to my boarding place and overhauled my all but forgotten apparatus.

I shall not give a long description of it, because the majority of readers would not understand the technical details. The principle, however, was quite simple.

The object being to locate the origin of the electric waves used in ethereal telegraphy and telephony, the first essential was to determine their direction of transmission. This I had effected by means of a most delicate needle, which had the property of setting itself exactly at right angles to the axis of the incoming waves. If the latter radiated in all directions from a center, it was only necessary to place two of my instruments a long distance apart, and note their indications.

Suppose that "C" represents the center from which the waves radiate, and that one of my needles is placed at "A" and another at "B." Then, by observing the direction and the inclination to one another of the radial lines "C—A" and "C—B," and the direction of the dotted lines joining them, and knowing the distance between "A" and "B," you have all the elements needed for a simple trigonometrical calculation, which will give the location of the point "C."

This, however, applies only to the case where waves are sent out "undirected" on all sides. With "directed" waves, which are now most universally employed, as they were at the time of which I am writing, a variation of the process is required. It is then necessary that the waves shall be sent, either simultaneously or at an interval, from the point "C" separately to "A" and "B." This being done, the result is the same as before, the location of "C" being determined.

In the latter case, a single instrument will suffice, being used first at "A" and then at "B."

I knew that the last described method would have to be employed, since, as I have already explained, Payton was sending "directed" messages to Mr. Grayman, although the latter's replies were necessarily "undirected," because Payton would not designate his location, and the waves had to be sent out on all sides in order to find him. The only problem for me, I saw, would be to induce Payton to communicate, in succession, from the same point, with two widely separated stations.

As soon as he should have done that I knew that I could "spot" him.

Having thought this out, and furbished up my apparatus to make sure that it was in good working order, I returned with it to Mr. Grantham's office. The secretary was delighted with my explanation of the device.

"We've got him!" he exclaimed gleefully. "As sure as there is a Great Chief Justice in the heavens, we've got him, and we'll give him his deserts. And, young man, your fortune is made. Do you know what Mr. Grayman will do to reward you for restoring his daughter?"

"No, sir; I haven't thought about that."

"Well, I don't know, either," he replied with a quizzical smile, "but I have thought about it, and I know what I'd do, anyhow."

Then he looked at me for a moment, laughing good humoredly. But suddenly becoming serious: "We'll take the first train for New York," he said. "There is no time to be lost. Payton will communicate tomorrow, and we must be on the spot, with everything in readiness."

The next morning Mr. Grantham and I went together in an auto from our hotel, where we had arrived in the middle of the night, to Mr. Grayman's office. The billionaire had been informed of our coming and was impatiently awaiting us. It was the first time I had ever seen this world-famous man, and I regarded him with a great deal of curiosity. He was pompous in looks and bearing, although he greeted us, and particularly Mr. Grantham, very cordially.

"This is Lieutenant Allan," said Mr. Grantham, presenting me very courteously. "I have already told you about him and my expectations of him. He is not going to fail us. He has brought along a little apparatus which, I fancy, will do the business for Mr. Alfonso Payton. Lieutenant Allan, please show Mr. Grayman your machine and tell him how it works."

The great billionaire was as delighted with the explanation as the secretary had been.

"But how," he asked, after a moment's reflection, "are we going to induce Payton to send us two messages to different points? And how do we know that he will send them from his hiding place? He may communicate from his aero."

"I have worked that all out, Grayman," replied the secretary. "In the first place, as to his communicating from his 'lodge'—for I judge by your daughter's letter that that is what he calls his lair—I believe that there is very little question. He will want to continue to entertain her and to lull her suspicions; and so, having, probably, no more important business than this, he will remain there. You can make sure by asking for news of your daughter.

"Then, as for inducing him to send two messages, that will be easy. Lieutenant Allan tells me that he wishes to select a place for the second communication at a considerable distance from New York, in order to be sure of having a 'manageable angle.' Assuming that Payton's place is somewhere in the Alleghany range, or the Blue Ridge—although, of course, we cannot bank much on the indication of the postmarks, but it is not likely to be much farther away—Buffalo would probably serve our turn.

"All that you will have to do, then, will be to interrupt Payton after he has gone far enough in his communication today to enable Allan to determine the direction of the waves, and tell him that a sudden imperative call has summoned you to Buffalo, and that you must go there tonight. Tell him that until you have seen your man in Buffalo, and arranged the affair that you have in hand, you cannot name a day when you will be free to meet him, but that if he will communicate with you in Buffalo tomorrow you will be in a position to settle it.

"Of course you know the wireless telephone number of some Buffalo correspondent. Give it to Payton, and tell him to call you up there. Then we will take the night train for Buffalo and be ready for him in the morning, and I guarantee that, after that, Allan will not be ten minutes in uncovering the hawk's nest."

"But," objected Mr. Grayman, "since I have already put him off on a similar plea, that will only excite his suspicions."

"Of course it will excite his suspicions," replied the secretary. "He is bursting with suspicion now. But what does that amount to? He will not give up his game simply because he knows that you are laying a trap for him. He is used to keeping out of traps. The beauty of our scheme is that, let him suspect until doomsday, he can never hit upon it. He will never have the ghost of an idea what we are about. Go ahead, Grayman, and do as I tell you, and I'll be responsible for the result."

So it was decided, and immediately I made my arrangements for connnecting my instrument with the aerial receiver on the roof of the building containing Grayman's offices. We rigged up a temporary telephone from the sanctum to my station, and Secretary Grantham remained with Grayman to give me the word the instant that Payton's call was recognized, in order that I might not confuse it with some other. So I was left alone to wait, and I confess that the strain made me very nervous.

I had had to deal with many crooks in the service, but never with one of Payton's calibre. Besides I felt more and more the importance of this affair to my future, and the secretary's mystrious words about a reward which he thought Mr. Grayman ought to offer me had got hold of my imagination. I certainly think that neither of the others could have awaited that call as anxiously as I did.

It seemed to me that I had sat there for hours with my eyes glued upon the tell-tale needle, when suddenly it jumped round, and then set itself in a definite position, pointing nearly east and west, but with a slight quivering motion.

Almost immediately the secretary called through the telephone: "Hello, Allan. It's coming! Have you got it? It's Payton."

"Yes," I said, "I've got it; don't interrupt me now, please."

I could tell every time that Payton began, or ceased, to speak, because, in the first case, the needle moved into position, as at a command; and, in the second, it lost its rigidity and wandered all around the compass. The conversation lasted only two or three minutes, and Payton spoke perhaps half a dozen times. I observed the indications of the needle with the utmost exactness, and entered them in a note book. They were perfectly definite and accordant every time, and I felt an immense exultation over my success. Presently Mr. Grantham called to me again.

"Hello! It's all over. You can come down."

You can imagine how eagerly I descended to Grayman's sanctum, carrying my precious instrument. As I entered, I saw by the expression on the two men's faces that all had gone well on their side.

"How is it?" demanded the secretary. "Did it work?"

"To perfection," I replied.

"Good! Good!" And Mr. Grantham, forgetting his dignity, fairly jumped up and down, while Grayman smiled patronizingly.

"Have you got the direction sure?" asked the secretary.

"I've got the axis of progression of the waves to a nicety. They came from the north, but of course I as yet know nothing about the distance that they had traveled in coming here."

"Then we'll get him!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham. "He's agreed to communicate to Buffalo tomorrow."

"But are you sure that he sent his message from his lodge?" I asked.

"Not a doubt of it. Mr. Grayman got that out of him by inquiring about his daughter's health, and he replied that she had just gone to her room with Susan, in excellent spirits."

"But will he communicate from the same place tomorrow?"

"Have no fear about that. He told Mr. Grayman that they were going fishing in the morning and that he would call him up at 9 o'clock."

"Then," I replied, equally unable to restrain my delight, "we certainly have got him!"

CHAPTER XII.

The Pirate's Lair Located.

That night we took the express for Buffalo, arriving in the morning, and Mr. Grayman conducted us at once to the office of Henry Garland, one of the great bankers of the town, who was in the Grayman combination, and who had been notified by telegraph of our coming. Mr. Grayman, however, did not tell the Buffalo banker what use he wished to make of his instrument, his determination to keep his daughter's disappearance secret being stronger than ever since the turn that Payton had given to the affair.

Mr. Garland was delighted to oblige the billionaire by giving him the exclusive use of his private office.

Since Payton had fixed 9 o'clock for his communication, it was necessary for us to make good use of our time. It was fortunate that, being an hour ahead of the regular time for opening the bank, we were not subjected to the observation of the employes.

In half an hour I had made all my arrangements, and again we waited. Payton was faithful to his appointment, and everything worked like a charm. As before, my needle indicated every break in his talk, and set itself, while the waves were planing, in a perfectly definite direction.

The distance and bearing of Buffalo from New York being known, I now had all the elements of the problem in my hands, and it only remained to solve it on paper—the matter of a minute or two.

But the reader may be interested in knowing what was said by Payton and Mr. Grayman on this occasion.

Payton opened by saying: "Good morning, Mr. Grayman. Helen and I have just been out catching a string of trout that would do your eyes good to look upon. The dear girl becomes more fascinated with her surroundings here every hour, and really I am beginning to regret my agreement to exchange her society, even for so large a sum as ten million dollars. However, a bargain is a bargain, and I shall stand by my word."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Grayman. "I have heard enough of this. Are you ready to talk business?"

"Quite ready, Mr. Grayman. But to begin, let me warn you that I know all about your machinations, and I advise you, in a friendly spirit, to drop them. If you do not, things will have to go on again as they have been doing, and you know the consequences. So, for your piece of mind, why not decide to deal squarely with me? I swear to you that in no other way can you ever succeed, and I tell you frankly that my feelings are beginning to be interested, and if that goes far I shall refuse to part with Helen on any terms. Make no mistake about the place that I already occupy in her esteem. You can never arrest this if you let it go on longer."

Payton was playing his master card for all that he thought it worth.

"What do you propose?" asked Mr. Grayman.

"I propose that you meet me with the money on Friday of this week on the top of a bare hill, which you will have no difficulty in recognizing, near Utica, New York. If any question should arise in your mind as to the precise locality, you can recognize it by seeing the Chameleon hovering over the hill. If you prefer, you can send forward a representative, keeping at a safe distance yourself. But you know what will be the result of any attempted trap. I will deliver Helen in exchange for the money."

Mr. Grayman pretended to hesitate, while he held a consultation with the secretary.

"Friday of this week," said the latter. "It is now Wednesday. That gives us two days, which, I think, will be enough. I'm sure Allan must have now all the data he needs. Tell him you'll be there."

Mr. Grayman did so, and the pirate responded as usual, "Good!" adding, "Drop your game this time; I am ready for everything of that kind." And so the conversation ended.

The moment I appeared Mr. Grayman and the secretary eagerly demanded the result.

"It's all right," I said, "I have now only a little figuring to do."

And immediately I sat down to do it. The lines from Buffalo to New York, as indicated by the needle, were by no means so divergent as I had expected, but the angle was easily manageable. I made the necessary calculations, the result of which much surprised me. Without saying a word, I went over my figures again, the two men leaning over my shoulder in breathless expectancy. At last, satisfied with the accuracy of my work, I called for a large-scale atlas. One was brought and, opening the North American sheet, you should have seen the astonishment of the two men when I placed my finger on a point away up in Labrador and said, somewhat excitedly: "That's where you'll find your man; that's where your daughter is, Mr. Grayman!"

"Good heaven!" cried the billionaire, "away off there? Are you sure?"

"I'm not more sure that my head is on my shoulders. There can be no mistake about it—provided that you are sure that both communications came from the same point."

"I'll bet all I'm worth on that," said the secretary.

"Then there's your man," and I pressed my thumb-nail into the map.

"Here," I said, "is New York, and this line indicates the path of the waves received yesterday; here is Buffalo, and this other line shows the path of the waves that have just arrived. Where these two lines intersect must be Payton's lodge and the place of Miss Grayman's imprisonment."

Suddenly the secretary turned to me and said: "How far do you make it to Payton's place?"

"It must be more than 800 miles in an air-line from New York," I replied.

"Yes, I should think it must be that distance. Now, our first imperative business is to see that Payton doesn't get away before we can descend upon him. They say that his aero is very fast; she ought to be able to make 130 miles an hour."

"A hundred and forty, he told me," said Mr. Grayman.

"That's mighty fast," returned the secretary. "I doubt if we have a flier in our fleet that could hold that pace."

"Yes," I said, with some pride, "the Eagle could do it at need."

The Eagle was my own aero and I had often tried her out for speed.

"Good again," said Mr. Grantham, smiling at me very kindly. "Now, the speedier Payton's aero is the better for our present purpose, because the less need he will have of making an early start for the rendezvous. If he ran only a hundred miles an hour he could do the distance to Utica in six or seven hours; but, of course, he won't hurry. He need not start before tomorrow night, and probably he will not, because he will prefer to come on by night in order to run the less risk."

"That's what he did before," said Mr. Grayman.

"All right, then," said the secretary, "we'll assume that that will be his course. But we have no time to lose; we must catch him before he starts. Fortunately, Allan, I have ordered your aero and four other cracks to be ready to leave Washington, fully armed and provisioned, on the receipt of a dispatch from me. I'll tell them to come on at once. Now, Grayman, you can go along or not, as you prefer."

"I'll go," said Mr. Grayman promptly.

"I think it's better so," responded the secretary.

We went to a hotel and had breakfast, Mr. Grayman declining Mr. Garland's earnest invitation to his house.

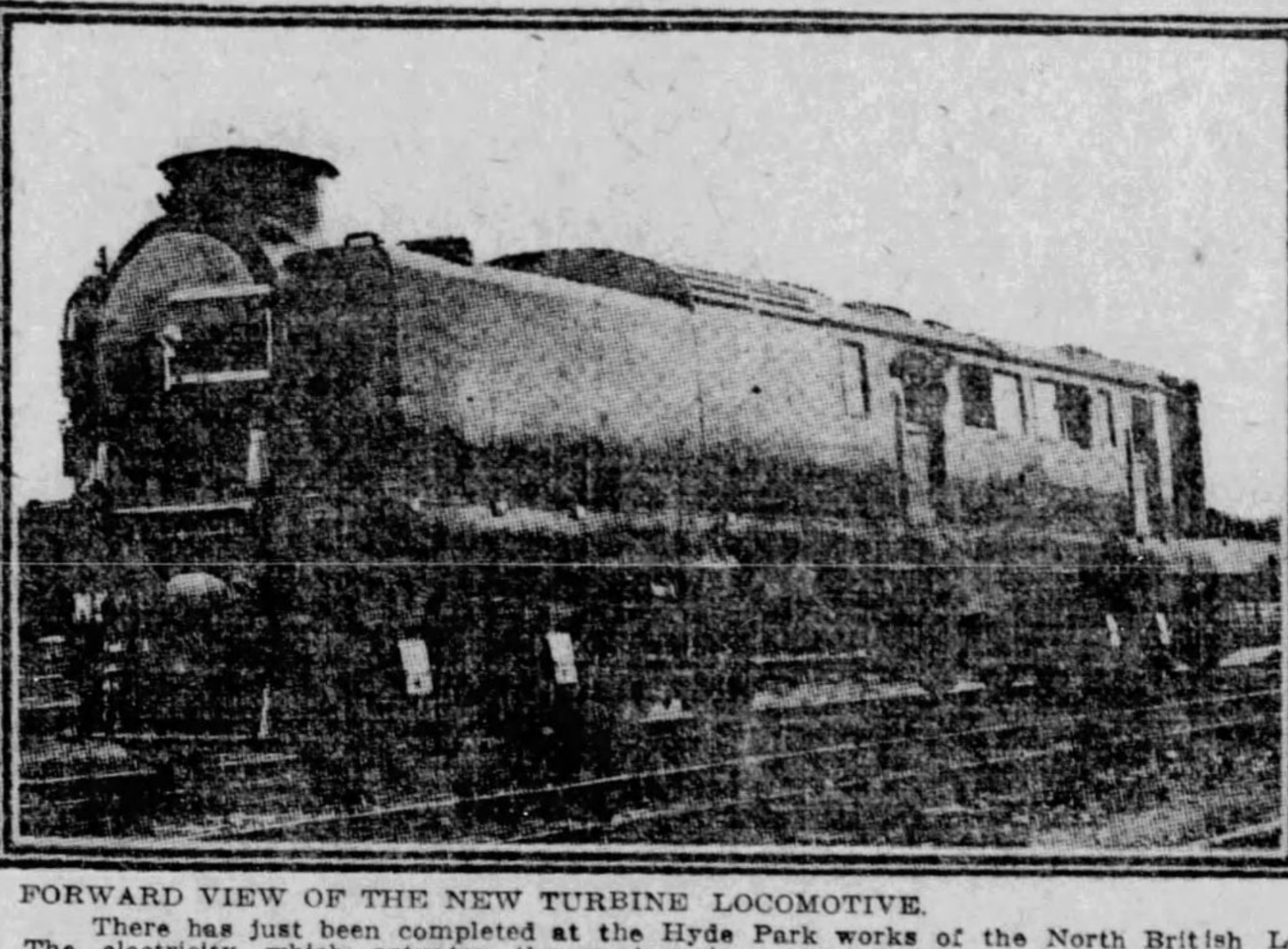
Mr. Grantham, in his dispatch, had the foresight to order the aero to meet us at a little town a considerable distance east of Buffalo, where Mr. Grayman and himself would run less risk of recognition. Accordingly, after a good meal, we went by train to the designated place, arriving a little before 1 o'clock. As we descended from the train I was delighted to recognize the Eagle hovering over the little town. The four other aeros were running about near, and a crowd had already gathered about the station and in the street watching them.

"We'd better get aboard as quickly as possible," said Mr. Grantham. "Let's walk a little way up the hill, out of town, and I'll signal the aeros to drop down for us."

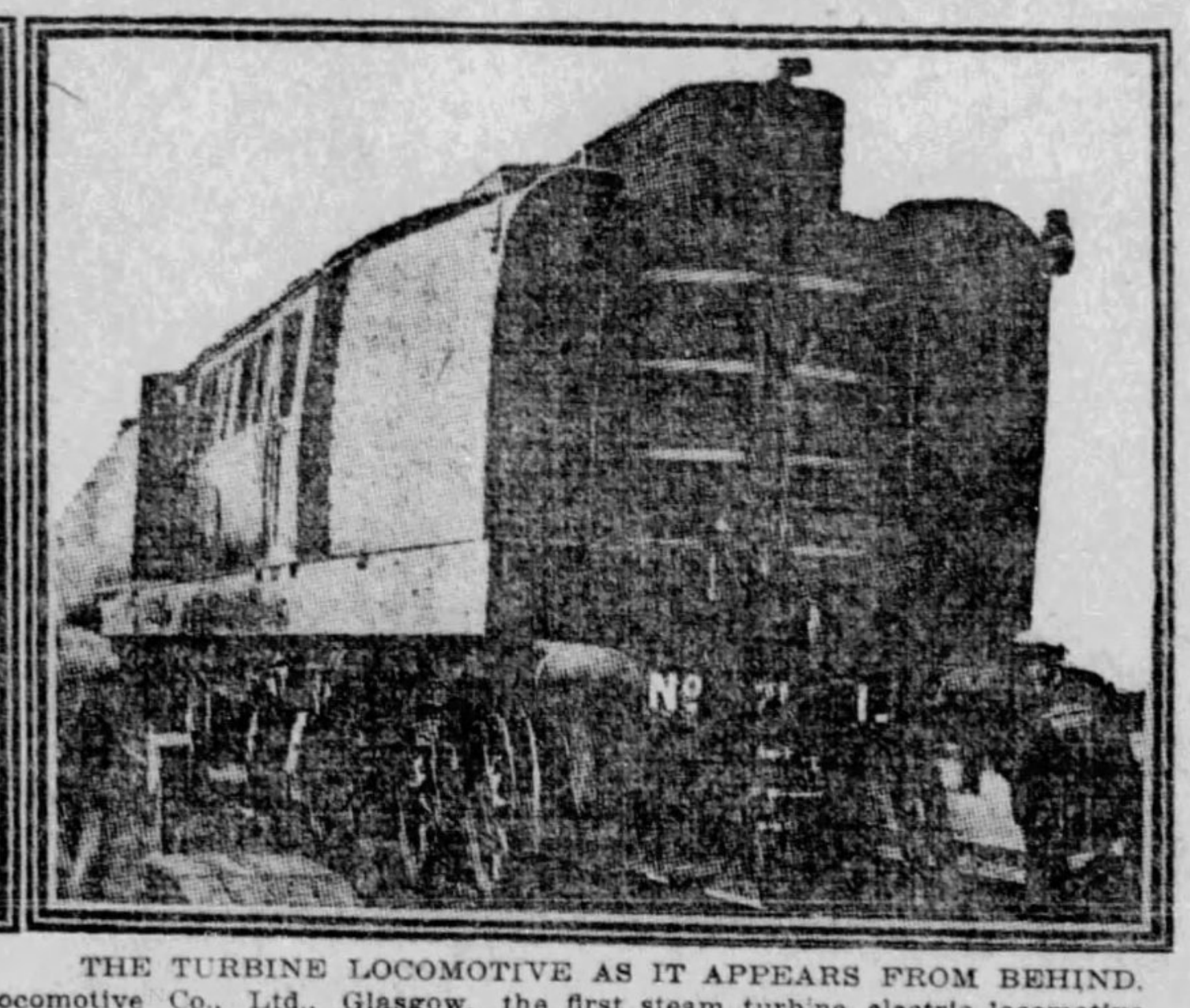
In response to the signal two of the aeros, the Crow and the Eagle, swooped down to the earth. My men were rejoiced to see me, and I to set foot once more on the deck of my beloved flier. She had her full complement, but the other was a little short, so I sent two men aboard the Crow to make room for the secretary and Mr. Grayman without weighting the Eagle too much. I wanted to have her in good running trim.

(To Be Continued.)

THE TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE HAS ARRIVED



FORWARD VIEW OF THE NEW TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE.



THE TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE AS IT APPEARS FROM BEHIND.

There has just been completed at the Hyde Park works of the North British Locomotive Co., Ltd., Glasgow, the first steam turbine electric locomotive. The electricity which actuates the motors is generated by a dynamo driven by a turbine engine, deriving its steam, which is superheated, from a boiler in the rear. The turbine makes 5,000 revolutions per minute, developing 1,000 pominal h.p. The essence of this innovation is the securing of increased efficiency and consequent economy in fuel and otherwise, by the adding of a condenser and substituting the continuous rotary motion of the turbine and dynamo for the reciprocating action of the present wasteful engine. The locomotive with a saloon hitched on recently made a very successful maiden run from Glasgow to Gartsherrie and back.

THE RISE IN FARM LANDS

Some of the facts of great importance which have been collected by the census bureau are being permitted to filter out in advance of definite footings of official statistics. One of these is the rise in the value of farm lands since the census of 1900.

This does not mean a large addition to the total market price of the land used for agriculture in the United States, because of the development of wide areas formerly unusued. That change has been going on constantly, but it is not the principal reason for the rise which the census shows in the value of rural real estate.

Nor can the enormous total increase in the current price and the gross value of farm lands be ascribed to radical improvements in the use of the soil. It is not a case of greater productiveness and corresponding changes in market prices and in the demand which governs the value of real estate, like other things bought and sold.

This improvement in the use of land and this greater productiveness of farms has been a factor in the case, in some districts and sections, beyond doubt, and it has certainly helped farm values in the entire country, but it is not enough to account for more than a small fraction of the great rise in such property. It is not where the change in the methods of farming and the use of new machinery have been most common and important that the rise in farm lands has been most remarkable.

That evidence of far-reaching and vital changes in the conditions under which agriculture is carried on is most striking in sections such as the Middle West, where farm methods have been altered with comparative slowness and the productiveness of farm lands, in quantities, not in dollars, has been slow and not very extensive. Rural real estate has advanced out of all proportion, the census bureau discovers, to the gains made in the last 10 years in the producing capacity of farms.

In some states, it is reported, the new figures will show an increase of 200 per cent or more in farm values in 10 years, and these states are mostly in the Middle West. They certainly are not afflicted with a wild and unjustifiable boom in farm property, for speculative purposes.

The secret is the greater profitableness of farming on account of rising prices for farm products. Country real estate is helped, also, by the growing belief that the pressure of the population upon the productive land of the United States is bound to become steadily heavier.

The advance in market values for farms is eloquent of the development of American cities, the great natural markets for the surplus food produced on farms. It tells of a far-reaching change in the balance between town and country, which is plainly destined to go farther and play a vitally important part in the nation's life. There is the promise of a real and extensive back-to-the-soil movement in the great advance in the total value of country real estate in the last 10 years.

When land goes up like that it means that much more can be obtained for the use of the soil. In short, farming pays better. And it is certain that when and where farming becomes profitable enough there agriculture will become increasingly popular as a life pursuit.

It will go far in that direction to know that farm lands have advanced rapidly in the last 10 years, because it puts a premium on the investment of time and labor and money in such rural property. The census will show the wonderful growth of the cities, but it will also contain evidence that farms are becoming better investments than they have been in many years, if, indeed, they were ever so inviting to open-minded capitalists.

Socially, politically and economically this movement is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It is certain that wider and more marked rural prosperity will mean a better and safer balance between the great centers of population and the agricultural half of America.

Half A Chance

BY
FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER XXII.

A dubious sort of day, one that seemed vainly trying to appear cheerful! A day that threw out half-promises, that showed tentatively on the sky a mottled blur where the sun should have been! On such a day, a month after that night in Lord Ronsdale's rooms, Captain Forsythe, calling on John Steele, found himself admitted to the sitting-room. While waiting for an answer to his request to see Mr. Steele, he gazed disapprovingly around him. The rooms were partly dismantled; a number of boxes littering the place indicating preparations to move. Captain Forsythe surveyed these cases, more or less filled; then he shook his head and lighted a cigar. But as he smoked he seemed asking himself a question; he had not yet found the answer when a footstep was heard and the subject of his ruminations entered the room. John Steele's face was paler than it had been; thinner, like that of a man who had recently suffered some severe illness.

"Ay, Forsythe!' he said, with an assumption of cheeriness. "So good of you!"

"That's all very well," was the answer. "But what about those?" With his cigar he indicated vaguely the boxes.

"Those? Not yet packed, are they? Lazy beggars, your London servants, just before leaving you!" he laughed.

"See here!" Forsythe looked at him. "You're not well enough yet to—"

"Never felt better!"

"No chance to get you to change your mind, I suppose?'

"Not in the least!"

"For a few moments Forsythe said nothing, then, "Weed?" he asked, offering Steel a cigar.

"Don't believe I'll begin just yet a while."

"Oh!" significantly. "Quite fit, eh?" Forsythe's tone sounded, in the least, scoffing; John Steel went to the window; stood with his back to it. A short time passed; the military man puffed more quickly. It seemed the irony of fate, or friendship, that now that he was just beginning to get better acquainted with Steele the latter should inconsistently determine to leave London.

"Anything I can do for you when you're away?" began Captain Forsythe. "Command me, if there is. Needn't say—"

"There's only one thing," John Steele looked at him; his voice was steady, quiet. 'And we've already spoken about that. You will let me know if Ronsdale doesn't keep to the letter of the condition?"

"Very well." Captain Forsythe's expression changed slightly, but the other did not appear to notice. "Although I don't imagine the contingency will arise," he added vaugely, looking at his cigar rather than John Steele.

"Nevertheless I shall leave with you certified copies of all the papers," said Steele in a short matter-of-fact tone. "These, together with the one you furnished me, are absolutely conclusive."

"The one I furnished you!' Captain Forsythe rested his chin on the knob of his stick. "Odd about that, wasn't it?—that the day in the library at Strathorn House, when I was about to tell you how I had better success the second time I visited the landlady, we should have been interrupted. And," looking at the other furtively, "by Jocelyn Wray!" Steele did not answer. "If I had only seen the drift of your inquiries, had detected more than a mere perfunctory interest! With the confession given me on her death-bed by the landlady, that she had testified falsely to protect her good-for-nothing son, and acknowledging that another whom she did not know by name, but whom she described minutely, had entered the house on the fatal night—with this confession in your hands, a world of trouble might have been saved. As it is," he ended half-ruefully, "you have found me most unlike the proverbial friend in need, who is—"

"A friend, indeed!' said John Steele, placing a hand on the other's shoulder, while a smile, somewhat constrained, lighted his face for a moment. "Who at once rose to the occasion; hastened to London on the receipt of a letter that was surely a test of friendship—"

"Oh, I don't know about that!" quickly. "Test of friendship, indeed!" Captain Forsythe looked slightly embarrassed beneath the keen searching eyes. "Don't think of it, or— Besides," brightening, "I had to come; telegram from Miss Wray, don't you know."

"Miss Wray!" Steele's hand fell suddenly to his side; he looked with abrupt, swift inquiry at the other.

Captain Forsythe bit his lips. "By Jove! — forgot — " he murmured. "Wasn't to say anything about that."

"However, as you have—" John Steele regarded him steadily. "You received a telegram from—"

"At the same time that your letter intercepted me at Brighton."

"Asking you to return to London?"

"Exactly. She—wanted to see me."

"About?" John Steele's eyes asked a question; the other nodded. "Of course; not difficult to understand; her desire to hush up the affair, "lest the scandal become known. A guest at Strathorn House had been—"

"I don't think it was for—"

"You found out," shortly, "that she, too, had learned—knew—"

'Yes; she made me aware of that at once when she came to see me with Sir Charles. It was she sent your luggage—"

"Sir Charles? Then he, also?—"

"No. You—you need feel no apprehension on that score." A peculiar expression came into the other's glance. "You see his niece told him it was not her secret; asked him to help her, to trust her. Never was a man more perplexed, but he kept the word he gave her on leaving London, and forebore to question her. Even when they drove through London in that fog—"

"Yes, yes. I know—"

"You? How—?"

John Steele seemed not to hear. "She saw you that night?"

"She did, alone in the garden of Rosemary Villa. Sir Charles behaved splendidly. 'All right, my dear; some day you'll tell me, perhaps,' he said to her. 'Manwhile, I'll possess my soul in patience.' So while he smoked in the cab, we talked it over.' An instant he regarded John Steele as if inviting him to look behind these mere words; but John Steele's half-averted face appeared set, uncommunicative. Perhaps again he saw the girl as he had last seen her at Strathorn House, her features, alive, alight, with scorn and wounded pride.

"Well?' he said shortly. "And the upshot of it all was—'

"She suggested my going to Lord Ronsdale."

"To invoke his assistance, perhaps!" Steele once more laughed. "As an old friend!' Captain Forsythe started to speak; the other went on: "Well, we'll keep his secret, as long as he keeps his compact."

"But—"

"I promised. What does it matter? Sir Charles may be disappointed at not being able to bring about. But for her sake—that is the main consideration."

"And you, the question of your own innocence—to her?" Forsythe looked at him narrowly, smiled slightly to himself.

"Is—inconsequential! The main point is—the 'Frisco Pet is dead. Gillett won't speak; you won't; Lord Ronsdale can't. Another to whom I am about to tell the story, will, I am sure, be equally silent."

"Another? You don't mean to say

PERILS IN HIGHWAYS

Americans, in their anger and alarm over the many and deadly accidents which take place in the streets of their cities, often do their country injustice. They leap to the conclusion that it is more subject to such loss of life and limb than any other part of the world, and that conditions here are growing much worse than they used to be.

If either of these charges against the present order of things in America is true, it is so by a much narrower margin than the average city dweller, dodging automobiles and trolley cars and ambulances, is willing, at first thought, to admit. Other countries, for instance, have terribly long records of serious accidents in the streets and roads, as can readily be demonstrated. The comparison between present and past conditions is not so easy.

London, the metropolis of the world, had 303 fatal street accidents last year. Other accidents in the highways, serious enough to be officially reported, numbered 13,085. That means more than 36 accidents every day, in the streets of a city which is considered a marvel of good police control of traffic.

It is much the same in other parts of the United Kingdom. The fatal accidents in the streets and roads of the British Isles, in 1909, numbered 1,151. All highway accidents, fatal and otherwise, reached the enormous total of 28,023.

In the United States, with more than twice the population of the United Kingdom, a like record of accidents in the streets and roads, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, would make the fatal casualties about 2,400, and the whole number of accidents serious enough to be taken notice of by the authorities would be about 58,000.

In this country there are no records available for a complete comparison with the British figures. It may be that the proportion of accidents to the population is greater here than it is in the United Kingdom. But the one thing certain is that there can be no such difference as would brand the United States as the kind of slaughter house that many Americans believe their country to be.

The British Isles are no worse in respect to street and road accidents than other countries, taking due account of the differences in the density of the population. All over Europe, where there is anything like the British proportion of inhabitants to the area, the casualties in the highways are numerous enough to make a grim demonstration of the perils of life in the ordinary thoroughfares of peaceful cities and towns.

This is not the work of automobiles. It is a condition which would exist without such vehicles, though in less degree, of course. Horse street cars, horse omnibuses and other horse vehicles accounted for more than half of the fatal accidents in the streets and roads of the United Kingdom last year, and for the majority of the accidents of all kinds.

It would be extremely interesting and instructive if accurate and complete comparisons were possible between present conditions in the United States and the street and road dangers of a generation ago. It is certain that the change would not be all in the same direction.

Then many persons were killed or injured at railroad crossings not guarded by gates or signal towers. Only flagmen warned the careless away from the tracks. Then horses were handled with greater recklessness than they are now, in busy streets, and then the same element which furnishes the "joy riders" who steal automobiles and rush madly about cities used to invite disaster by their wild abuse of horses, even where the roads were least safe.

It must never be forgotten, comparing present-day habits and penalties for mistakes or criminal folly in the highways, that there has been an enormous change in point of numbers. The accident lists of a single city are held in horror as evidence of heartlessness and of the dangers of absorption in "getting there," in modern life, thus altogether ignoring the fact that the city may have more inhabitants than almost any of the states, taken bodily, could boast, two or three generations ago.

Accidents in the highways are far too numerous, but they are not so much worse than the old conditions in town or country as many persons suppose. As in many other phases of life, conditions and circumstances must be taken into account and weighed to obtain even an approach to actual conditions.

Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers, and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No *honest* dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

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you are deliberately going to—" Captain Forsythe frowned; a bell rang.

John Steele smiled. "Can you think of no one to whom I am bound to tell the truth, the whole truth? Who extended me his hand in friendship, invited me to his home? Of course it would be easier to go without speaking; it is rather difficult to own that one has accepted a man's hospitality, stepped beneath his roof and sat at his board, as—not to mince words—an impostor. I could have delegated you—to tell him all; but that wouldn't do. It is probably a part of the old, old debt; but I must meet him face to face; so I have sent for—"

A servant opened the door of the library; Sir Charles Wray walked in.

Below, in the cab, Jocelyn waited; her pale face expressed restlessness; her eyes, deep and shining, were bent on the river, fixed unseenigly on a small boat that struggled, struggled almost in vain, against the current. Then they lowered to something she held in her hand, a bit of crumpled paper. It was John Steele's note to Sir Charles asking him to call; stating nothing beyond a mere perfunctory request to that end, giving no reason for his wish to see him.

Her eyes lingered on the message; beneath the bright golden hair, her brows drew together. The handwriting was in the least unlike his, not quite so bold and firm as that she remembered in one or two messages from him to her—some time ago. But then he had been ill, Captain Forsythe had told her, and was still, he thought, far from well.

She made a movement; the little fingers crumpled the message; then one of them thrust it within her glove. She continued to sit motionless, how long? The small boat, with sail at the bow and plodding oar at stern, at length drew out of sight; the paper made itself felt in her warm palm. Why did not her uncle return? He had been gone some time now; what—what could detain him?

"Can you drop in at my chambers for a few minutes? John Steele had written. "A few minutes;" the blue eyes shone with impatience. He was leaving London, Captain Forsythe had informed her; and, she concluded, he wanted to see her uncle before he left. Butn ot her, no; she had driven there, however, with Sir Charles, on some light pretext—for want of something better to do—to be out in the air—

"I'll wait here in the cab," she had said to her uncle, when he had left it before John Steele's dwelling. "At least," meeting the puzzled gaze that had rested on her more than once lately, "I may, or may not wait. If I get tired—if when you come back, you don't find me, just cnclude," capriciously. "I have gone on some little errand of my own. Shopping perhaps."

"Jocelyn!" he had said, momentarily held by her eyes, her feverish manner. "There is something wrong, isn't there? Hasn't the time come yet, to tell?"

"Something wrong? What nonsense!" she had laughed.

She recalled these words now, found it intolerable to sit still. Adruptly she rose and stepped from the cab.

"My uncle is gone a long while," she said to the man, up behind.

"Oh, no, miss; not so werry!" consulting a watch. "A matter of ten minutes; no more."

No more! She half started to move away; looked toward the house. Brass plates, variously disposed around the entrance and appearing nearly all alike as to form and size, stared at her. One metal sign a shock-headed lad was removing—"John Steele"— she read the plain, modest letters, the inscription, "Barrister" beneath; she caught her breath slightly.

"He certainly is very long," she repeated mechanically.

"Why don't you go in and see wot's detaining of him?" vouchsafed the cabby in amicable fashion as he regarded the hesitating, slender figure. "That's wot my missus allus does, when she thinks the occasion—which I'll not be mentioning—the proper one."

"Third floor to the right, miss!" said the boy, occupied in removing the sign and stepping aside as he spoke, to allow her to pass. "If it's Mr. Steele's office you're looking for! You'll see 'Barrister' in brass letters, as I said to the old gentleman; I haven't got at them yet; to take them down, I mean."

"Thank you," she said irresolutely, and without intending to enter, found herself within the hall. There a narrow stairway lay before her; he pointed to it; with an excess of juvenile solicitude and politeness, boyhood's involuntary tribute to youth and beauty in need of assistance, he told her to go on, "straight up."

And she did, unreasoningly, mechanically; one flight, two flights! The steps were well worn; how many people had walked up and down here carrying burdens with them. Poor people, crime-laden people! Before many doors, she saw other signs, "Barristers." And of that multitude of clients, how many left these offices with heavy hearts! In that dim, vague light of stairway and landings she seemed to feel, to see, a ghostly procession, sad-eyed, weary. But Captain Forsythe had said that John Steele had helped many, many. Her own heart seemed strangely inert, without life; she stood suddenly still, as if asking herself why she was there.

Near his door! About to turn, to retrace her steps—an illogical sequence to the illogical action that had preceded it, she was held to the spot by the door suddenly opening; a man—a servant, broom in hand—who had evidently been engaged in cleaning one of the chambers within, was stepping out! In surprise he regarded her, this unusual type of visitor, simply yet perfectly gowned. A lady, or a girl—patrical, aristocratic to her finger-tips; very fair, striking to look upon! So different from most of teh people who came hither to air their troubles, to seek assistance.

"You wished to see Mr. Steele?"

For an instant the servant's words and his direct, almost challenging look held the girl. Usually self-contained as she was, she felt that perhaps he had caught some fleeting expression in her eyes, when at his abrupt appearance she had lifted them with a start from the brass letters. The pround head nodded affirmatively to the inquiry.

"Well, you can be stepping into the library, Miss," said the man. "Mr. Steele is engaged just now; but—"

"That is just it," she said," straightening. "My uncle is with him, and I wished to see—"

"If you will walk in," he said, "you can wait here."

Jocelyn on the instant found no reason for refusing; the door closed behind her; she looked around. She stood in the library alone; beyond, in another chamber, she heard voices—her uncle's, John Steele's.

CHAPTER XXIII.

And yet those tones were not exactly like John Steele's; they sounded familiar, yet different. What made the difference? His recent illness? The character of what he was saying, the fact that he represented himself, not another, in this case? He was speaking quickly, clearly, tersely. Very tersely, thought the girl; not, however, to spare himself; a covert ring of self-scorn precluded that idea.

"Those boxes contained books; yours, Sir Charles!" were the first words the girl caught.

"Mine! Bless my soul!" Her uncle's surprised voice broke in. "You don't mean to tell me that all those volumes I had boxed for Australia and which I thought lost on the Lord Nelson came ashore on your little coral isle?"

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Came ashore on his coral isle; the girl caught at the words. Of course he had been saved, he who had saved her from the wild sea; she had realized that after their last meeting at Strathorn House. But how? He had reached an island, then—by what means? Some day her uncle would tell her; she understood now why he had sent for Sir Charles, the motive that had prompted him to an ordeal, not at all easy. She was glad; she would never have told herself, and yet she could realize, divine, the poignant pain this lifting of the curtain, this laying bare the past, must cost him. She, too, seemed to feel a part in that pain; why? It was unaccountable.

"Exactly!" said John Steele succinctly. "And never were angels in disguise more foully welcomed!"

"Bless my soul!" Sir Charles' amazed voice could only repeat. "I remember most of those books well—a brave array; poets, philosophers, lawmakers! Then that accounts for your—! It is like a fairy tale."

"A fairy tale!" Jocelyn Wray gazed around her; at books, books, on every side. She regarded the door leading out; was half mindful to go; but heard the man-servant in the hall—and lingered.

"Nothing so pleasant, I assure you," John Steele answered Sir Charles shortly. Then with a few words he painted a picture uncompromisingly; the girl shrank back; perhaps she wished she had not come. This, truly, was no fairy tale, but a wild, savage drama, primeval, the picture of a soul battling with itself on the lonely little isle. She could see the hot, angry sun, feel its scorching rays, hear the hissing of the waves. All the man's strength for good, for ill, went into the story; the isle became as the pit of Acheron; at first there were no stars overhead. The girl was very pale; she could not have left now; she had never imagined anything like this. She had looked into Greek books, seen pictures of men chained to rocks and struggling against the anger of the gods—but they had appeared the mere fantasies of mythology. The drama of the little coral isle seemed to unfold a new and real vista of life into which she had unconsciously strayed. She hardly breathed; her hand had leaped to her breast; she felt alternately oppressed, thrilled. Her eyes were starlike; but like stars behind mist. Strange! Strange!

"When the man awoke," he had said, "he cursed the sea for bringing him as he thought nothing. One desire tormented him. It became intolerable. Day after day he went down to the ocean, but the surf only leaped in derision. For the thousandth time he cursed it, the isle to which he was bound. Weeks passed, until, almost mad through the monotony of the long hours, one day he inadvertantly picked up a book. The brute convict could just read. Where, how he ever learned, I forget. He began to pick out the words. After that—"

"After that?" The girl had drawn closer; his language was plain, matter-of-fact. The picture that he drew was without color; she, however, saw through a medium of her own. The very landscape changed now, remained no longer the terrible, barren environment. She seemed to hear the singing of the birds, the softer murmur of the waves, the purring of the stream. It was like a mask, one of those poetic interpolations that the olden poets sometimes introduced in their tragedies. John Steele paused. Was it over?—Almost; the coral isle became a study; there was not much more to tell. Through the long months, the long years, the man had fought for knowledge as he had always fought for anything; with all his strength, passion, energy.

"Incredible! By Jove!" she heard Sir Charles' voice, awed and admiring. "I told you, Steele, when you were about to begin, that we people of the antipodes take a man for what he is, not for what he was. But I am glad to have had your confidence and-and—tell me, how did you happen to light on the law, for special study and preparation?"

"You forget that about half your superb library was law books, Sir Charles. A most comprehensive collection!"

"So they were! But you must have had wonderful aptitude."

"The law—the ramifications it creates for the many, the attendant restraints for the individual—I confess interested me. You can imagine a personal reason or—an abstract one. From the lonely perspective of a tiny coral isle, a system, or systems—codes of conduct, or morals, built up for the swarming millions, so to peak!—could not but possess fascination for one to whom those millions had become only as the far-away shadows of a dream. You will find a few of those books, minus fly-leaf and book-plate, it shames me to say!—still in my library, and—"

"Bless you; you're welcome to them," hastily. "No wonder that day in my library you spoke as you did about books. 'Gad! it's wonderful! But you say at first you could hardly read? Your life, then, as a boy—pardon me; it's not mere idle curiosity."

"As a boy!" John Steele repeated the words almost mechanically. "My parents died when I was a child; they came of good stock—New England." He uttered the last part of the sentence involuntarily; stopped. "I was bound out, was beaten. I fought, ran away. In lumber camps, the drunken riffraff cursed the new scrub boy; on the Mississippi, the sailors and stevedores kicked him because the mate kicked them. Everywhere it was the same; the boy learned only one thing, to fight. Fight, or be beaten! On the plains, in the mountains, before the fo'castle, it was the same. Fight, or—" he broke off. "It was not a boyhood; it was a contention."

"I believe you." Sir Charles' accents were half-musing. "And if you will pardon me, I'll stake a good deal that you fought straight." He paused "But to go back to your isle, your magic isle, if you please. You were rescued, and then?"

"In a worldly sense, I prospered; in New Zealand, in Tasmania. Fate, as if to atone for having delayed her favors, now lavished them freely; work became easy; a mine or two that I was lucky enough to locate, yielded, and continues to yield, unexpected returns. Without especially desiring riches, I found myself more than well-to-do."

"And then having fairly, through your own efforts, won a place in the world, having conquered fortune, why did you return to England, knowing the risk, that some one of these fellows like Gillett, the police agent, might—"

"Why," said John Steele, "because I wished to sift, to get to the very bottom of this crime for which I was convicted. For all real wrong-doing—resisting officers of the law—offenses against officialdom—I had paid the penalty, in full, I believe. But this other matter—that was different. It weighed on me through those years in the island and afterward. A jury had convicted me wrongfully; but I had to prove it; to satisfy myself, to find out beyond any shadow of a doubt, and—"

"He did." For the first time Captain Forsythe spoke. "Steele has in his possession full proofs of his innocence and I have seen them; they go to show that he suffered through the cowardice of a miserable cad, a titled scoundrel who struck his hand from the gunwale of the boat when the Lord Nelson went down. Yes, you told that story in your fevered ramblings, Steele."

"Forsythe!" the other's voice rang out warningly. "Didn't I tell you the part he played was to be forgotten unless—"

"All right, have your way, grudgingly.

"A titled scoundrel! There was only one person of rank on the Lord Nelson besides myself, and—Forsythe"—the old nobleman's voice called out sharply—"you have said too much or too little."

John Steel made a gesture. "I have given my word not to—"

"But I haven't!" said Captain Forsythe. "The confession I procured, and what I subsequently learned, led me directly to—. Here is the tale, Sir Charles."

It was over at last; they were gone, Sir Charles and Captain Forsythe; their hand-clasps still lingered in his. That was something, very much, John Steele told himself; but, oddly, with no perceptible thrill of satisfaction. Had he become dead to approval? What did he want? Or what had been wanting? Sir Charles had been affable, gracious; eminently just in his manner. But the old man's sensibilities had been cruelly shocked; Ronsdale, the son of his old friend, a miserable coward who, if the truth were known, would beasked to resign from every club he belonged to! And he, Sir Charles, had desired a closer bond between him and one he loved well, his own niece!

Perhaps John Steel divined why the hearty old man's face had grown so grave. Sir Charles might well experience shame for this retrogression of one of his own class, the broken obligations of nobility; the traditions shattered. But he thanked John Steele in an old-fashioned, courtly way for what he had once done for his niece, whose life he had saved. Perhaps it was the reaction in himself; perhaps John Steele merely fancied a distance in the other's very full and punctilious expression of personal indebtedness; his courteous reiteration that he should feel honored by his presence at any and all times at his house!

For a few moments now John Steele remained motionless, listening to their departing footsteps; then turned and gazed around him.

Never had his rooms appeared more cheerless, more barren, more empty. No, not empty; they were filled with memories. Hardly pleasant ones; recollections of struggles, contentions that had led him to—what? His chambers seemed very still; the little street very silent. Time had been when he had not felt its solitude, now he experienced only a sense of irksomeness, isolation. The man squared his shoulders and looked out again from the window toward that small bit of the river he could just discern. Once he had gazed at it when its song seemed to be of the green banks and flowers it had passed by; but that had been on a fairer occasion; at the close of a joyous, spring day. How it came back to him; the solemn court of justice, the beautiful face, an open doorway, with the sunshine golden without and a figure that, ere passing into it, had turned to look back. It was but for an instant, yet again his gaze seemed to leap to that luring light, the passing gleam of her eyes, that had lingered—

That he saw now! or was it a dream? At the threshold nearby some one looked out; some one as fair, fairer, if that could be, whose cheeks wore the tint of the wild rose.

"Pardon me; I came up to see if my uncle—"

He stared at her, at the beautiful, tremenulous lips, the sheen of her hair—

"You!—"

"Yes." She raised a small, gloved hand and swept back a disordered tress.

"Your—your uncle has just gone," he said.

"I know."

"You do?" He knew it was no dream, that the fever had not returned, that she really stood there. Yet it seemed inexplicable.

"I was in the library when they—went out. I had come up to see—I was with my uncle in the cab—and wondered why he—"

She stopped; he took a quick step toward her. "You were in there, that room, when—"

"Yes," she said, and threw back her head, as if to contradict a sudden mistiness that seemed stupidly sweeping over her gaze. "Why did you not tell me—you did not?—that you were innocent?"

"You were in there?" He did not seem to catch her words. "Heard—heard—?"

A moment they stood looking at each other; suddenly she reached out her hands to him. With a quick exclamation he caught and held them.

But in a moment he let them fall. What had he been about to say, to do, with the fair face, the golden head, so near? He stepped back quickly—madness! Had he not yet learned control? Had the lessons not been severe enough But he was master of himself now, could look at her coldly. Fortunately she had not guessed, did not know he had almost—She stood near the back of a chair, her face half-averted; perhaps she appeared slightly paler, but he was not sure; it might be only the shadow of the thick golden hair.

"You—are going away?" She was the first to speak. Her voice was, in the least, uncertain.

"Tomorrow," without looking at her.

"Where, if I may ask?"

"To my own country."

"America."

"Yes."

"It is very large," irrelevantly. "I remember—of course, you are an American; I—I have hardly realized it; we, we Australians are not so unlike you."

"Perhaps," irrelevantly on his part, "because your country, also, is—"

"Big," said the girl. Her hands moved slightly. "Are—are you going to remain there?" In America, I mean?"

He expected to; John Steele spoke in a matter-of-fact tone; he could trust himself now. The interview was just a short, perfunctory one; it would soon be over; this he repeated to himself.

"But—your friends—here?" Her lips half-veiled a tremulous little smile.

"My friends!" Something hushed in his voice, went, leaving him very quiet. "I am afraid I have not made many while in London." Her eyes lifted slightly, fell. "Call it the homing instinct!" he went on with a laugh. "The desire once more to become part and parcel of one's native land; to become a factor, however small, in its activities."

"I don't think you—will be—a small factor," said the girl in a low tone.

He seemed not to hear. "To take up the fight where I left it, when a boy—"

"The fight!" The words had a faraway sound; perhaps she saw once more, in fancy, an island, the island. Life was for strong people, striving people. And he had fought and striven many times; hardest of all, with himself. She stole a glance at his face; he was looking down; the silence lengthened. He waited; she seemed to find nothing else to say. He too did not speak; she found herself walking toward the door.

"Good-by." The scene seemed the replica of a scene somewhere else, sometime before. Ah, in the garden, amid flowers, fragrance. There were no flowers here—

"Good-by." He spoke in a low voice. "As I told Captain Forsythe, you—you need not feel concern about the story every coming out—"

"Concern? What do you mean?"

"Your telegram to Captain Forsythe, the fear that brought you to London—"

"The—you thought that?"—swiftly.

"What else?"

The indignation in her eyes met the surprise in his.

"Thank you," she said; "thank you for that estimate of me!"

"Miss Wray!" Contribution, doubt amazement mingled in his tone.

"Good-by," she said coldly.

And suddenly, as one sees through a rift in the clouds the clear light, he understood.

"You will go with me? You!"

"Why, as for that—"

Fleece of gold! Heaven of blue eyes! They were so near!

"And if I did, you who misinterpret motives, would think—"

"What?"

"That I came here to—"

"I should like to think that."

"Well, I came," said the girl, "I don't know why! Unless the boy who was taking down the sign had something to do with it!"

"The—?"

"He said to go 'straight up'!" she laughed.

He laughed, too; all the world seemed laughing. He hardly knew what he said, how she answered; only that she was there, slender, beautiful, as the springtime full of flowers; that a miracle had happened, was happening. The mottled blur in the sky had become a spot of brightness; sunshine filled the room; in a cage above, a tiny feathered creature began to chirp.

"And Sir Charles? Lady Wray?" He spoke quietly, but with wild pulsing temples, exultant fierce throbbing of heart; he held her from all the world.

"They?" She was silent a moment; then looked up with a touch of her old, bright imperiousness. "My uncle loves me, has never denied me anything, and he will not in this—that is, if I tell him—"

"What?"

Did her lips answer; or was it only in her wilful, smiling eyes that he read what he sought?

"Jocelyn!"

Above the little bird, with a red spot on its breast, bent its bead-like eyes on them; but neither saw, noticed. Besides, it was only a successor to the bird that had once been hers; that had flown like a flashing jewel from her soul to his, in that place, seawashed, remote from the world.

THE END.

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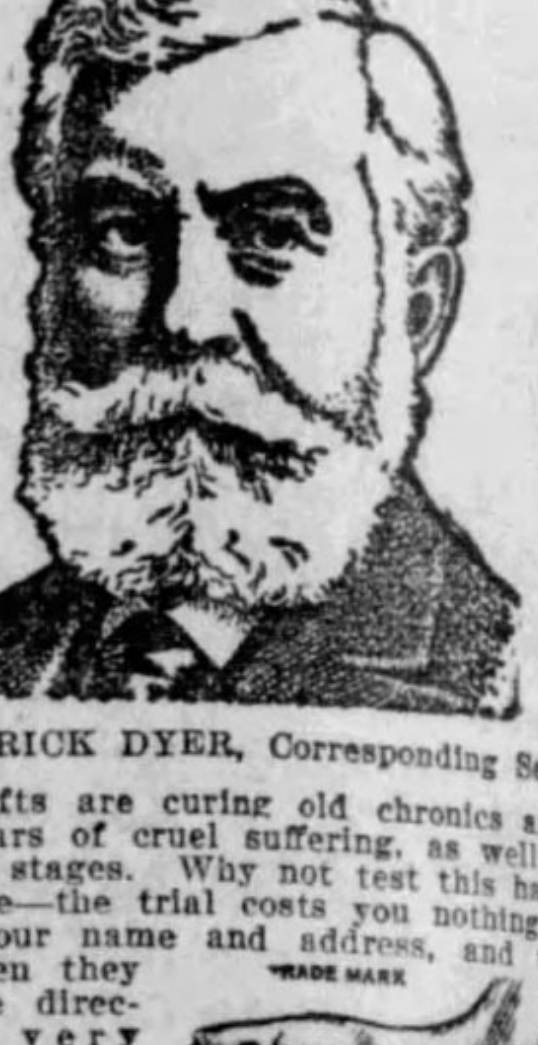

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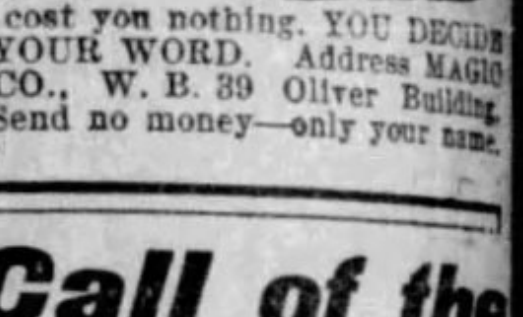

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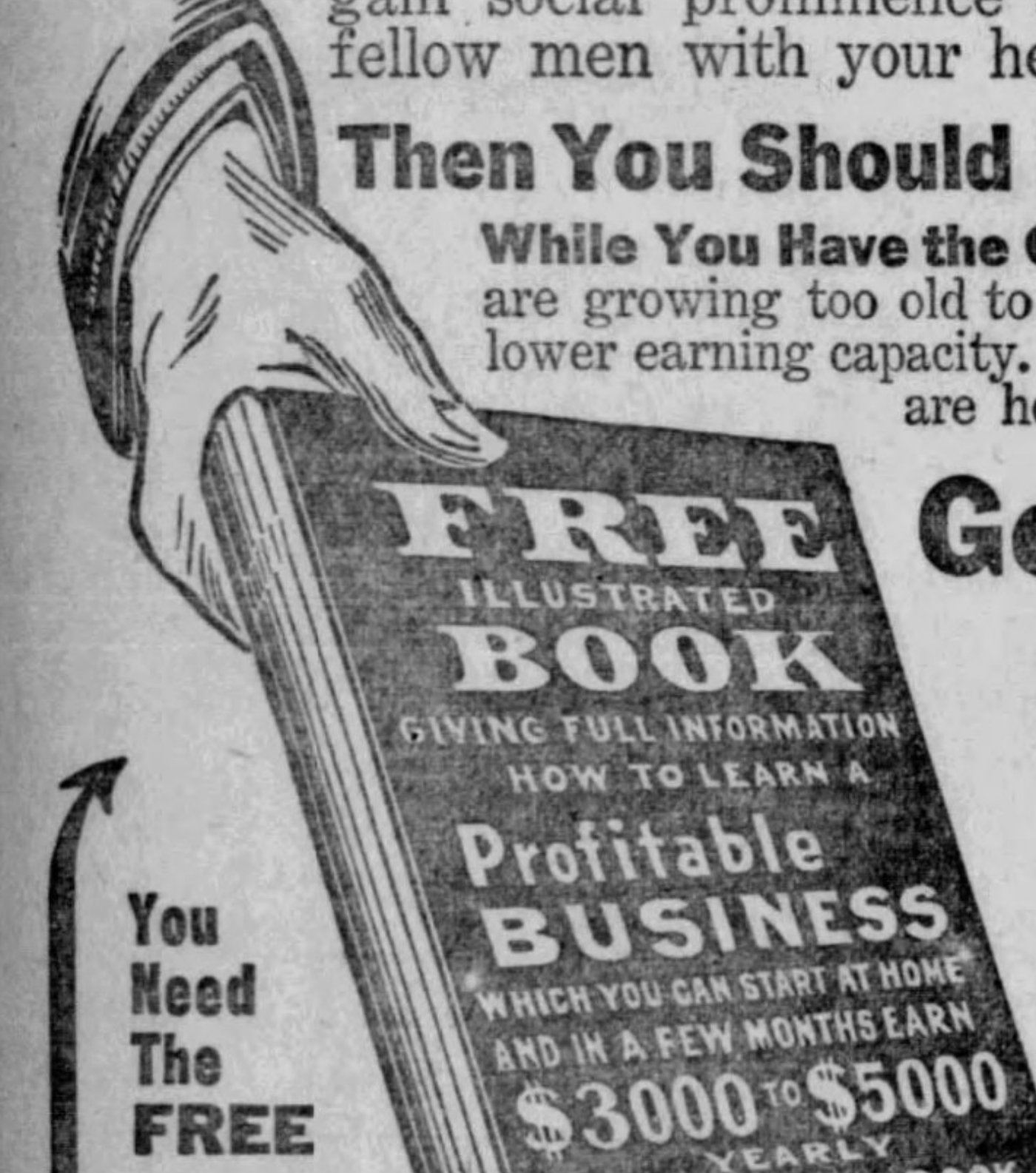

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I would like to get some information from some Farmstead reader. I have a mare colt two years old that seems to be in good health, but she is afflicted with a number of warts. She has two on the inside point of her left ear, the size of a small egg. They are round and rough. There are two on the right side of her head and one on the right shoulder. The mare has been in pasture about three months.—P., Eatonville, Wash.

WASTE ON THE FARM

When we come to think of the waste that has been perpetual on the farm for years past, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, and that still is practiced on many farms of today, we do not wonder that so many boys get discouraged, leave the farm and go to the city to seek employment, and that many older men complain of the adverse circumstances and surroundings on the farm.

Think of the rich, fertile soil of the hills as it was in its crude state, covered with good timber, a great portion of which was practically wasted, while the farm stands today unfenced and the buildings poor and small, while the fertile soil is exhausted, leaving clay points and old discarded fields in its stead.

This all results from the lack of proper rotation of crops and handling of the timber. Yet we see the same things being repeated year after year—never giving a thought of the needs of the land, but going along in the same old way, planting crop after crop of the same kind on the ground, and then putting on the market the grain or hay, or what is almost as bad, putting it into some sort of scrub stock. We think one of the biggest wastes that is practiced on the farm is the feeding of good feed to scrub stock. We mean the kind of scrub stock that result from a big proportion of the cross breeding that is practiced today.

What would you think of a railroad using an engine that could pull only 20 cars when one better constructed will pull 30 with the same amount of fuel and labor? You would think as we do, that it was poor management.

That is what a great many farmers are doing today. The same amount of food and care that is required to produce a 1,000 pound scrub will produce a 1,200 pound well bred beef steer, that will sell on the market for from 1 to 3 cents per pound more. The same is true with the horse. A $200 Percheron can be produced with practically the same cost and care as a $20 scrub or $100 chunk.

Another great waste is caused by not having the farm properly fenced, so as to be able to raise all the good pasture that goes to waste. It would be worth many times more if converted into beef, mutton, milk or horse flesh.

There are many farmers who are compelled to begin feeding dry food early in the fall, when there is a large amount of much better feed going to waste, all for the want of fencing.

We have one farm in mind where the man lost $100 worth of hog feed last fall for the lack of one-half mile of hog fence.

VARIETY FOR EGGS

This summer we had a field of oats adjacent to the barn and poultry houses. As soon as the oats began to ripen the hens began to forage in them for new grain. The oats were cut for hay and put up in the barn. As soon as the mowing machine was started the whole flock of hens and the younger poultry invaded the field to make daily feasts on the mown oats. The oat hay was unloaded at one end of the barn and pitched into the barn from an end outside door. As a consequence from this manner of unloading much scattered grain was on the ground underneath the wagon. As soon as the wagon was taken away after each load was removed the hens scratched over the scattered straw with great activity, and they foraged the field after the entire crop was removed for grain which the rake did not take up.

As a consequence of this new feed our hens have increased in egg production fully 50 per cent. The only way I can account for it is that the new oats made a variety with their regular daily feeds of other grain and skim milk. Perhaps the extra exercise on new clean ground helped some.

One year a neighbor had a field of cowpeas across the road from our poultry quarters. As soon as the peas began to ripen the hens found it out and made daily visits for the seeds. Immediately their egg yield was nearly doubled from the new pea field foraging.

This spring a man living near us purchased a new farm, still living on the old one, but going to work on the new. He recently took a dozen hens from his flock to the new farm, and he reports that these hens are laying double the number of eggs in proportion to the hens retained on the old farm.

These experiments clearly prove that a variety of feeds, and especially on new grounds, are conducive to heavy egg production. We have much yet to learn about making our hens lay. I think it would pay any farmer to plant small fields of grain and other crops near the poultry yards, so that the feeds would come in succession for them to gather during the summer and fall. The forage on clean grounds will help to keep the hens healthy.—S., in Weekly Inter Ocean.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

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ASHES FOR FERTILIZER

The question often arises as to the value of ashes for fertilizer. Professor Ten Eyck, of the Kansas station, says that an average sample of unleached wood ashes contains about 7 per cent of potash and 2 per cent of phosphoric acid, which at current prices of these plant foods would make the ashes worth about $9 per ton.

Besides the actual fertilizing value by reason of the potash and phosphoric acid contained there is some value to ashes simply by the power which the potash has to make the nitrogen of the soil available for plant use by its chemical action upon the organic matter of humus of the soil.

The potash in ashes exists in a readily soluble form and this is immediately available for plant food. The farmer can well afford to pay $8 to $10 a ton for good wood ashes. Coal ashes are of little value as far as plant food is concerned, but they can be used with good effect upon some soils in loosening them up.

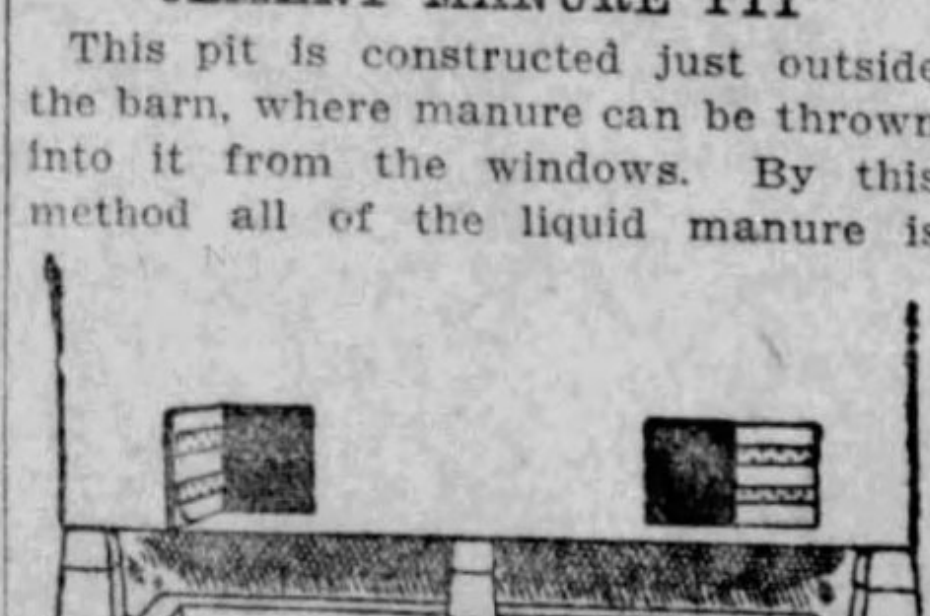
Ashes can be used for any crops that need potash and they may be applied at the rate of 25 to 50 bushels per acre. For cultivated crops they should be applied broadcast after the land has been harrowed and then cultivate by a light harrowing. They can be used also as a top dressing in connection with phosphate fertilizers.

As will be noticed, Professor Ten Eyck says that the unleached ashes are worth $9 per ton. As a matter of fact the leached ashes rarely have a value of more than $1 to $2 per ton as the potash and phosphoric acid are washed out.

If ashes are to be used they should be put in a dry place until ready to use, as much or more care being taken with them than with barnyard manure. And in connection it might be well to state that ashes should never be mixed with manure of any sort, as it sets the nitrogen free in the form of ammonia gas and the quality of both the ashes and the manure is lowered.

CEMENT MANURE PIT

This pit is constructed just outside the barn, where manure can be thrown into it from the windows. By this method all of the liquid manure is saved and can be absorbed by any coarse material before hauling to the fields. The pit is not intended to hold all of the manure for a winter season.

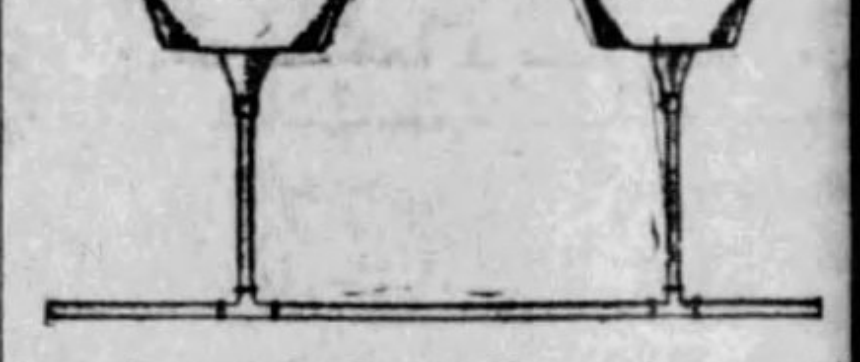


CARBOHYDRATES

The carbohydrates of the food are chiefly starch, sugars and celluloses, and form the largest part of vegetable foods. The latter substances form the stiff framework of the stems of plants and the hulls of seeds, and are only partially digested. These carbohydrate bodies are not permanently stored in the animal body, but serve, when burnt in the system, for the production of heat and mechanical work. They are also capable, when consumed in excess of immediate requirements, of conversion into fat.

WATER TROUGHS FOR DAIRY COWS

The metal troughs in the picture can be made for $1.50 each. The basins at the top of the pipe are fastened at the side of the stall and have covers that the cow lifts with her nose when drinking. They are always kept full but do not leak, as the water runs out through an overflow pipe. Experiments in New York showed that the milk production fell off 11 gallons in one day from 20 cows when they were watered in the ordinary way after having used the automatic basins.



NOTES ON MANURE VALUES

For fruit growers it is best to manure from the surface after setting out trees than to plow under manure on the land that is to be set out to trees.

When feeding for manure we should bear in mind that the quality and value of the manure will differ according to the food consumed and the care taken of the manure.

All coarse fodder grown on the farm should be fed in connection with the grain grown, or else purchased feeds should be fed and the manure returned to the soil.

When vegetation decomposes and returns again to the soil, fertility is maintained. It is more than maintained—it is increased. This is Nature's method of increasing and maintaining a productive soil, and the nearer we can conform to Nature's ways the nearer will be the right way.

STRAIN, NOT BREED, COUNTS

"I have bred poultry ever since I was 8 years old and have learned many things in the bitter school of experience, which, though it is a pretty expensive school, certainly gives one knowledge that no college can give," says Donald Boyce. "I have learned that it is not the breed that counts, but the strain. Here is where so many fail. They select a breed they like and the birds do not lay well; they discard it and select another. Some strains of Plymouth Rocks are bred for layers, some are not. So it is with every breed. After learning this I went to work and picked the best layers, until now I can take any breed and in a few years build up a laying strain."

GET MORE CORN

Shallow and frequent cultivation, with a liberal application of manure, together with continued selection of early maturing ears of corn for seed, has enabled farmers in northern Minnesota to produce from 25 to 30 bushels of Minnesota No. 2 corn per acre. This variety is known as White Cap Yellow Dent and originated at the state experiment station. To educate farmers in originating, developing and selecting their own seed grains will be the object of the good seed institutes next winter to be held in various parts of the state.

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A Discarded Sentiment.

t I remember a song of my childood
se soft simple cadence would enderly swell,
cing the delicate charm of the wildwood,
Old Oaken Bucket That Hangs n the Well."

e do the waters come sparkling nd splashing
ool us when weary we turn to epose,
ntist chap with his instruments ashing
brought a once happy career to close.

were things from a bullfrog own to a bacillus
orting themselves in the crystaline flow.
e monsters stood ready to kill
e names were too long for a ayman to know.

rickbats and brush it is covered ompletely,
ll that remains the old story to ell
village quartet that still warbles o sweetly
t the old bucket that hung in the ell.

—Washington Evening Star.

Money No Object.

ati Times-Star.

e all superstitious," said the cent man. "Ever hear the story two negroes who got into an nt? One says to the other, yo' a dollah that I got nerve n a tombstone in de graveyard he clock strikes midnight.' The made but the other man had long to see whether or not the ns were carried out. On the the cemetery the second man broke his wooden leg. But he anxious to win that dollar the peg off and hobbled along cemetery, one hand on the other shoulder. They seated themn a prostrate tombstone. I win that dollah, or do I not?' he man who made the propositriumphantly. Just then the n the steeple began to strike. ehind a bush nearby a sheeted advanced upon the negroes. oah are you all distubbin' mah asked. The negro that said t afraid started for home on jump. The only way out was a narrow lane, bounded on ide by all hedges. About half wn the lane the running negro pat-pat-pat just behind him. d feel the hot breath of his on the back of his neck. A ached out and touched him on and he just doubled his speed. goodness, niggah!' said the the one-legged man, 'git outen ad and yo' can keep yo' ole

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The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

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6715 Child's Box Reefer, 2 to 8 years

6740 Coat with Shaw Collar, 34 to 40 bust.

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6548 House Gown or Wrapper, 34 to 44 bust.

6687 Girl's Dress, 10, 12 and 14 years.

6230 Plain Shirt Waist, 32 to 46 bust

6732 Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

5840 Child's Night Drawers, 2 to 8 years.

6712 Fancy Yoke Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

Long Distance.

"Young gentlemen," announced professor in English literature, "tomorrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence professor?" groaned the class.

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon."

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

NATURALIZATION LAWS

Will you please tell me how an alien can become a citizen of this country?—A. W., Piso, Ky.

The alien must declare upon oath before a circuit or district court of the United States or a district or supreme court of the territories, or a court of record of any state having common law jurisdiction and a seal and clerk of which he is a resident, two years at least prior to his admission, that it is, bona fide, his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince or state, and particularly to the one of which he may be at the time a citizen or subject.

At the time of his application for admission, which must not be less than two or more than seven years after such declaration or intention, he shall make and file a petition in writing, signed by himself (and duly verified by the affidavits of two credible witnesses who are citizens of the United States, and who shall state that they have personally known him to be a resident of the United States at least five years continuously, and of the state or district at least one year previously), in one of the courts above specified, that it is his intention to become a citizen and reside permanently in the United States, that he is not a disbeliever in organized government or a believer in polygamy, and that he absolutely and forever renounces all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign country of which he may at the time of filing his petition be a citizen or subject.

He shall, before his final admission to citizenship, declare on oath in open court that he will support the constitution of the United States and that he absolutely and entirely renounces all foreign allegiance. If it shall appear to the satisfaction of the court that immediately preceding the date of his application he has resided continuously within the United States five years at least, and within the state or territory where such court is held one year at least, and that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same, he may be admitted to citizenship. If the applicant has borne any hereditary title or order of nobility he must make an express renunciation of the same. No person who believes or is affiliated with any organization teaching opposition to organized government or who advocates or teaches the duty of unlawfully assaulting any officer of any organized government because of his official character, shall be naturalized. No alien shall be naturalized who cannot speak the English language. An alien soldier of the United States army of good character may be admitted to citizenship on one year's previous residence.

An alien minor may take out his first papers on attaining the age of 18 years, but he can only become a citizen after having his first papers at least two years, and having resided within the United States at least five years, and after having attained the age of 21 years.

The children of persons who have been duly naturalized, being under the age of 21 years at the time of the naturalization of their parents, shall, if dwelling in the United States, be considered as citizens thereof.

The children of persons who now are or have been citizens of the United States are, though born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, considered as citizens thereof.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS

Please tell all you can about the holding of elections in England.—J. L., Avon Park, Fla.

In England each political district has charge of its own election. They can choose any day they desire for the election providing it comes within a limited time. From this fact some candidates who are not elected in one district are often elected in another at some late day. In that country the towns, cities, boroughs and counties are each allowed a certain number of representatives in parliament.

THE PANAMA CANAL

Will you not give me a description of the Panama canal?—W. J. M., Round Bottom, O.

Though we have published a description of this canal many times before we will again print it for the benefit of any new subscribers and all the old ones who fail to read the paper thoroughly and then ask questions that have been answered many times before.

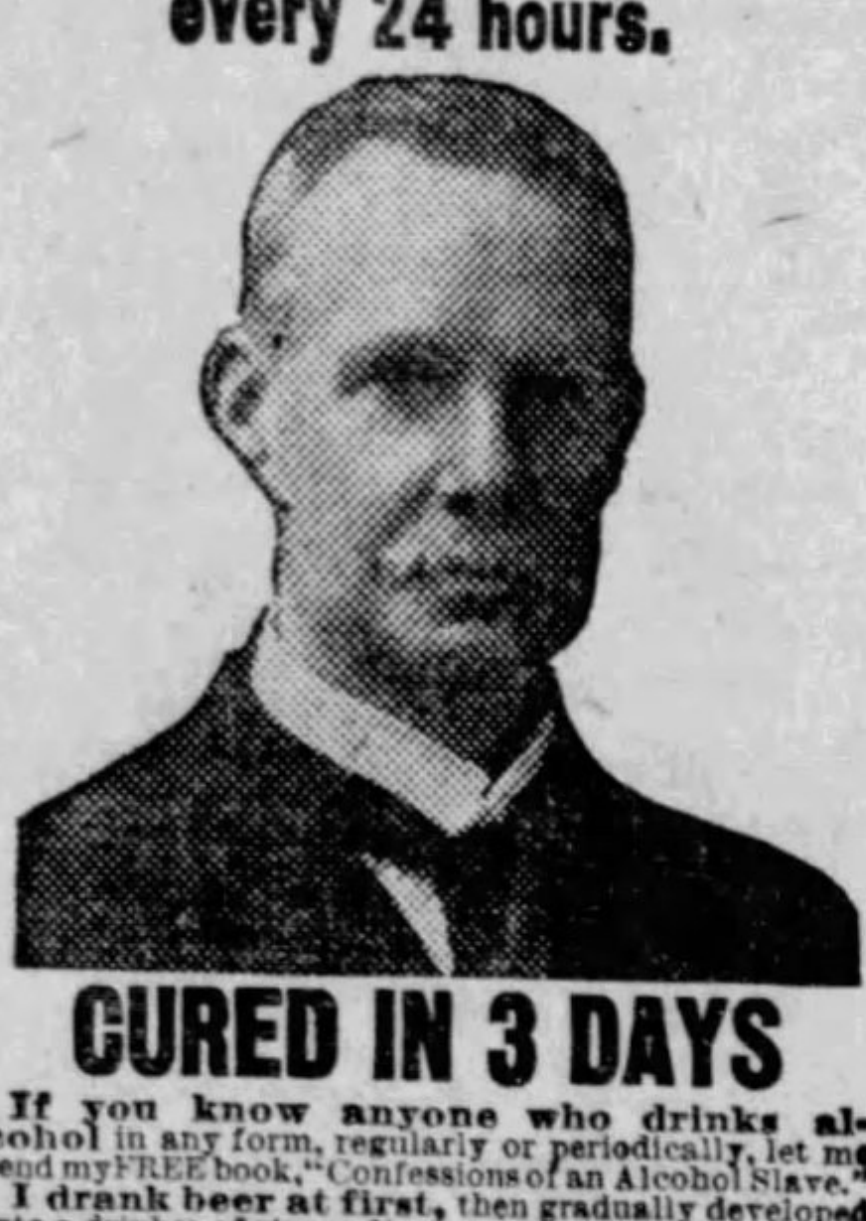
The general type of canal proposed is to form a summit level about 85 feet above the sea, which is to be reached by a flight of locks located at Gatun, on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel, with two others at La Boca, on the Pacific side; the locks are all to be in duplicate. The summit level will be formed by the construction of a large dam at Gatun, and a small one at Pedro Miguel. A second lake, with a surface elevation of 55 feet, will be formed on the Pacific side between Pedro Miguel and Panama bay by the construction of a dam at La Boca, across the mouth of the Rio Grande, and another dam between Sosa Hill and high ground near Corozal. The Colon section is from the Caribbean sea to the mouth of the Mindi river, where a channel is to be excavated, having a bottom width of 500 feet and a depth of 42 feet below mean tide. The Gatun locks are to be to be two sets of locks, side by side. The lift will be overcome by a flight of three locks of 28 1-3 feet ordinary lift each, or a flight of two locks of 42½ feet lift each. Neither the details of their construction nor their exact location has yet been definitely fixed.

The area of Gatun dam will be about 110 square miles. It will have a height of about 135 feet above sea level. The width on top is to be 100 feet. Its length will be about 7,700 feet, and the width at the bottom about 2,625 feet. From the Gatun locks to San Pablo, a distance of about 15½ miles, the width of the channel will be at least 1,000 feet. The depth is to be 45 feet. Further up the lake the width of the channel will be decreased, first to 800 feet for a distance of 3.86 miles, from near San Pablo to Juan Grande; then to 300 feet from Obispo to Las Cascades, a distance of 1.55 miles, where will begin the Culebra cut section, a distance of 4.7 miles, the width of the canal will be 200 feet. This is the heaviest portion of the work. From near Paraiso, the end of the Culebra cut, to the Pedro Miguel lock, a distance of 1.88 miles, the canal will have a width of 300 feet. The Pedro Miguel lock will have a lift of 30 feet. It will be in duplicate, and will have approach walls construction at each end. The details of the lock have not yet been determined. From Pedro Miguel lock the channel will have a width of 500 feet for a distance of 1.87 miles. It will then increase to 1,000 or more for a distance of 3.61 miles to near Sora Hill, on the shore of Panama bay, where the Sora locks will be located. From Sora locks to deep water in the Panama bay, a distance of about four miles, the channel is to have a depth of 50 feet below mean tide. The mean rise and fall of the tide is about 15 feet, but it may reach as much as 23 feet.

NIAGARA FALLS

Will the Question Bureau please describe Niagara Falls?—A. H. C., Quinton, Va.

About 20 miles from Buffalo and 12 miles from Fort Niagara are situated the Falls of Niagara, first viewed in 1678 by Father Hennepin, and now visited every year by 3,000,000 from all parts of the American continent and Europe. The water of the Niagara river descends about 50 feet in a series of rapids within half a mile before making a sudden plunge of 165 feet in two divisions. The American fall, with a more or less straight crest of 1,060 feet in length, extends along the eastern bank of the river in a north-northeast and a south-southwesterly direction; while the other division, the Horseshoe or Canadian fall, with a deep curve in the center, runs at right angles to the course of the river. The latter carries the larger volume of water while its crest measures 3,010 feet. The line of the deepest water is accepted at about the middle of Horseshoe Fall. This line forms the boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada, thus all the islands at and near the Falls of Niagara are all United States territory. From the foot of the Falls the river descends among cliffs of 200 and 350 feet high in a series of rapids for a distance of three miles until it reaches the Whirlpool, a circular excavation in the westerly bank of the river, the boundaries of which are rocky cliffs 300 feet high for about two-thirds of its circumference, while the other third, its northerly bank, is made up of an accumulation of sand, gravel and clay. Into this hole the river rushes with tremendous force and speed, northwesterly, but has to turn at right angle and leave it in a northeasterly direction. The impact of the inrushing water, striking against the banks, meets in its recoil new waters looking for an outlet, and the meeting of these different currents produces the rotary movements of water from which the Whirlpool derives its name, and as an exhibition of wonderful water-power the Whirlpool and the Whirlpool Rapids are looked upon by many visitors as more interesting than the Falls themselves. The depth of the water on the crest of the American Fall is fairly well known, and measures from 4 to 10 feet; northerly and easterly winds sometimes set the water back in Lake Erie, and the Fall has been known to almost dry. The depth of Horseshoe Fall is not known. The only attempt to obtain an approximate idea was made many years ago. An old vessel was loaded down with stones until it drew 20 feet of water, and started down the current; it went over the edge without touching, hence the conclusion was that the deepest water on the edge of the Horseshoe Fall is at least 20 feet. The United States lake survey has made measurements of the depth of the river. The river, at the foot of the center of the Horseshoe Fall is from 150 to 200 feet deep; through the upper gorge to the Whirlpool Rapids, from 160 to 190 feet; Whirlpool outlet, 50 feet, and the gorge below the Whirlpool, 35 to 70 feet.



I WAS A Heavy Drinker
Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.

CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have a joyful message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased. I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has no will power while drinking. I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years I have personally attended to over 6000 men and women who were addicted to drink; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this quick, permanent cure the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to cure the drunkard. I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured. To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Ave., 490 B, New York, N. Y.

THE DARK AGES

I would like to have you tell me something about the dark ages in these columns.—S. M., Greenville, S. C.

The Dark Ages is a term applied in its widest sense to that period of intellectual depression in the history of Europe from the establishment of the barbarian supremacy in the fifth century to the revival of learning about the beginning of the 15th, thus the middle ages. The last of the ancient authors was Bothius, after whose death, about 524, the decline of literature, prepared during several previous centuries, became inconceivably rabid. The darkest period of Europe generally was about the seventh century. The earliest sign of revival, however, was seen in Ireland as far back as the sixth. In the 10th Italy and England were in a deplorable condition of barbarism, while in France and Germany there was more or less culture, which increased considerably during the 11th. The comparative prosperity of scholastic learning in the 11th and 12th centuries was followed by a relapse in taste and classical knowledge which lasted through the 13th and 14th.

SOCIALISM

Please give the development of socialism in your paper.—F. C. B., Chuckey, Tenn.

The body that is generally looked upon as the ancestor of the present Socialist organization is the League of the Just, organized in Paris, in 1836. The aims of this organization were indefinite and its principal significance lies in its transformation in 1847 into the Communist League. The development of Socialism is a long story, and this department of The Blade has not at its disposal sufficient space to discuss it intelligently.

TRIPOLITAN WAR

I would like to have the Question Bureau give an account of the Tripolitan war.—N. G., Uhrichsville, O.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century the United States had followed the method employed by many European nations of protecting our commerce from the depredations of the Barbary states by the annual payment of tribute money. In 1801 the Bashaw of Tripoli made unusually exorbitant demands, and President Jefferson determined to abolish the practice. Commodore Dale was despatched with a squadron to patrol along the coast of Tripoli. He captured a large cruiser and for a time overawed the Bashaw. In 1803 Preble was sent to take command as congress had recognized war with Tripoli. At first several captures were made, but Captain Bainbridge, of the Philadelphia, ran his vessel on the rocks and she was taken by the Tripolitans with all on board. Decatur in the Intrepid ran up the harbor of Tripoli at night and burned the Philadelphia under the fire of the batteries on the shore. The city itself was invested and bombarded during the summer. On June 4, 1805, a treaty of peace was concluded with the Bashaw, the United States agreeing to pay $60,000 for the ransom of the officers and crew of the Philadelphia.

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CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

Will the Question Bureau please publish the first ten amendments to the federal constitution?—D. W., Morenci, Mich.

The first ten amendments are as follows: Article 1. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Article II. A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Article III. No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Article IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.

Article V. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Article VI. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

Article VII. In suits at common law where the value of the controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise reexamined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

Article VIII. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Article IX. The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article X. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

FANNY DAVENPORT

Please give a biography of Fanny Davenport in these columns.—F. C. M., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Fanny Lily Gypsy Davenport, the American actress, was born in London, April 10, 1850, and died in America, September 26, 1898. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston, which was then under the management of her father. During Miss Davenport's career she played in all the theatres of the large cities of the United States. Her most noted roles were in La Tosca, Giaconda, Fedora and Cleopatra. In 1879 she married Edwin H. Price, but was divorced, and later married Melbourne McDowell, an actor of leading roles in her company.

MICHIGAN

Please tell something about Michigan, giving the size, latitude and longitude. Also describe the drainage, soil and give the principal productions and the names of the railroads.—V. S., Breckenride, Mich.

Michigan lies in the region of the great lakes, between latitude 41 degrees, 42 minutes and 47 degrees, 32 minutes N., and longitude 82 degrees, 24 minutes and 90 degrees, 31 minutes W. The area of the state is 58,900 square miles. It is 305 miles from north to south and from east to west it averages 200 miles.

The soil is of varied composition, and in large areas is very fertile, especially in the south. There are many lakes throughout this state, but the rivers are small, shallow and narrow. The most important are the Grand and the Saginaw, besides the smaller ones.

The principal productions of Michigan are agricultural products, iron, copper, coal and lumber, the latter being the most important of all. The leading railroads in the state are the Michigan Central, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Chicago & Grand Trunk, and the Pere Marquette. Besides these there are many local roads and the interurbans.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. B., Gallipolis, O.: Our references give no information regarding the meeting of numismatic societies at Brussels, Belgium.

O. P., Pierce, Ky.: The salary of the President is now $75,000 per year.

J. H. N., Ashley, Ill.: Write to the war department at Washington, D. C., for the information you want.

GIVE THE FARM A NAME

Sentiment plays an important role in the activities of man and usually is connected with a desire for betterment. Naming a farm is purely sentiment, but the effect may be far reaching and may even go so far as to enter the field of commercialism. A farm without a name has nothing to distinguish it from its hundreds of neighbors. But give it a name, like "Woodland Place," if it contains a clump of trees, or "Meadow Brook," if by chance the place is favored with a stream of running water, and the farm assumes dignity at once. One inventive gentleman calls his property "Willida Farm," a combination of "Will," his name, and "Ida," his wife's. Many such names can be constructed and applied, many times with financial profit, as in case products like butter, eggs and garden vegetables are sold in packages on which is placed the name as a guaranty of high quality. The calling of the farmer needs something to give it dignity. No other occupation is more worthy of respect. Naming the farm is a good start. Try it.

Alligator That Shoots the Chutes.

Scientific American.

The very last creature that the average man would select as a trick animal is the huge, sluggish alligator, yet even that deliberate brute can sometimes hit a swift pace. It has even been trained to shoot the chutes with easy grace.

This feat is performed regularly at an alligator farm in California, the big saurian waddling up the incline at the other side and sliding down the watery chute at express train speed.

At this novel farm there are 500 or more specimens, ranging in size from the huge bull to the newly hatched, lizard-like youngsters. They are raised for their hides, although the sale of the little fellows for "pets" and the admission to the grounds help swell the profits of this unusual business.

To Save Trouble.

National Monthly.

Rafferty was about to be operated upon for the fourth time for appendicitis. The surgeons were all ready to begin as soon as the anaesthetic was administered and stood about with their knives, needles and other paraphernalia in readiness. The patient, with the memory of other operations fresh in his mind, asked if he could make a suggestion.

"Certainly," said the doctor in charge.

"Thin, doctor," said Rafferty, "don't ye think yez had better put me together wid hooks and eyes this toime?"

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salves, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

MARTYR TO LAW'S DELAY

David Harum's horse that was warranted to stand without hitching never became the cause of a lawsuit. Men of Yankee stock sedulously avoid calling in lawyers to straighten out horse deals. The fellow who gets out a summons is not a dead game sport, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Beaten in a trade, the American hustler takes his medicine, laughs at his own expense, and prepares to get even in his own way. He may be litigious enough in other fields, but public sentiment restrains him in this one. Horse trading is, like gambling, a matter not to be appealed to the magistrates.

It is different when the persons concerned are adopted Americans from Sicily, Naples, or Calabria. For example, in New Village, N. J., when Frank Faretta sold a nag to Giuseppe Pasquarina and Alfredo Bevalaque, and a question arose as to whether the animal was up to guarantee, no American tradition checked the disputes. They went to law. They employed counsel. Before a justice of the peace the matter was argued pro and con for weeks. Meanwhile, the horse was in Pasquarina's stable, and Pasquarina had been told by his lawyer not to feed the creature, for that would be acknowledging valid delivery, and would prejudice his case.

At last the justice gave his decision Faretta went to look for his property. And lo, there was a dead horse in the Pasquarina stable, calling aloud to the four winds of heaven for decent burial. Such burial was furnished by the board of health. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is getting busy. The horse was clearly a martyr to law's delays. The moral of his fate, however, deserves to be embalmed. The American scheme is wisest. Never go to law over a horse sale. The stranger within our gates cannot learn too soon the limitations of our national habit of legal quibbling and judicial controversy.

GAMBLERS IN MULBERRIES

London Rubber Craze Like American Silk Craze.

London's rubber craze suggests the days when people in this country thought their fortunes would be made out of silk-raising or, at least, the cultivation of mulberry trees. L. P. Brackett, in "The Silk Industry in America," gives this account of the mania:

"One after another of the experimenters in silk culture began to advocate the Morus multicaulis, and recommended their friends to cultivate the trees, and raise silk if they could; but at all events to raise multicaulis trees. Grave doctors of divinity, men learned in the law, agriculturalists, mechanics and merchants, and women as well as men, seemed to be infected with a strange frenzy in regard to this mulberry tree.

"They met in solemn conclaves over bundles of Morus multicaulis twigs, discussing seriously the glorious time when in the not distant future every farm should be a nursery for the young trees, every house should have its cocooneries attached, its silk-worms of the bivoltine, trivoltine, or polyvoltine breeds, yielding two, three or more crops of cocoons per year. The farmers' wives and daughters, when not engaged in feeding the worms, were to reel the silk, and perhaps to spin and twist it, till silk should become as cheap as cotton, and every matron and maid rejoice in the possession of at least a dozen silk dresses. It does not clearly appear where and on what occasions they were to wear these dresses, while their whole time was to be occupied with the care of the silk-worms and cocoons.'

"Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore," says Posselt's Textile Journal, "is said to have owned the first multicaulis tree in the United States, which was planted in 1826; but Dr. Felix Pascalis of New York was the first to make known to the public the remarkably rapid growth and supposed excellent qualities of the tree, and so may be said to have opened this Pandora's box, from which so many evils escaped. The excitement in regard to the Morus multicaulis grew steadily; slowly, indeed, at first, but increasing with geometrical progression until 1839, when it culminated in utter ruin to the cultivators. The shrewdest and wariest operators, men who did not believe in its loudly heralded virtues, were fairly carried off their feet by the surging tide of speculation. The young trees or cuttings, which were sold in 1834 or 1835 for $3 to $5 a hundred, came soon to be worth $25, $50, $100, $200, and even $500 a hundred.

"In the spring of 1839 Mr. Whitemarsh and Dr. Stebbins, of Northampton, Mass., were rejoicing over the purchase of a dozen multicaulis cuttings, not more than two feet long and of the thickness of a pipe stem, for $25. 'They are worth $60,' exclaimed the doctor in his enthusiasm."

NATION OF DAIRYMEN

In Holland the land is worth from $500 to $1,000 an acre, and in many cases naturally not better than much of our Illinois land. Yet these people pay their rents or interest on the investment by producing butter and cheese, which they place on the European markets in successful competition with that produced in America on land of less than one-fifth the value. They do this in spite of the fact that they cannot produce the amount of digestible nutrients per acre that we can with either corn or alfalfa.

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Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.

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AGENTS Large profits canvassing stores and offices for an indispensable article. Write at once. H. W. Pamphilon, 27 Third Ave., New York.

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Big commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write quick for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., 158 Bar st., Canton, O.

WILL you sell fish traps for us on halves? $1 each; 60 days credit without security. Trap Co., Bivins, Texas.

MALE HELP.

Learn to write advertisements while employed; earn $25 to $100 a week. Write for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED.

RAILWAY MAIL clerks wanted; salary $800 to $1,600; annual vacations with full pay. Examinations everywhere Nov. 12; thousands of appointments coming; common education sufficient; influence unnecessary. Write for list of examinations; preparation free. Franklin Institute Dept. B. 32, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS

Farm Ready for Business.
75 Acres; $3,500, Part Cash.

14 good cows, 3 heifers, 80 hens, valuable farming machinery and all small tools go with this fine New York state farm, insuring big profits from the start; only 3 miles to village, creamery and railroad; cuts 30 tons of hay, spring, watered pasture for 15 cows, fine crops; good orchard, never-failing spring water; 2-story 9-room house, big barn, other outbuildings; everything for $3,500; part cash. Further details and traveling directions to see this and other rich farms, page 10, "Strout's Farm Catalogue No. 30," copy free. Station 105, E. A. Strout, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

FARMS WANTED.

I WANT information about a good grain or stock farm for sale. I know of over 1,000 buyers, willing to pay your price. I can tell you how to find them. Write me about it and let's see if we can close up a deal. Address at once. Arthur Capper, Dept. 51, Topeka, Kan.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed, Free. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 O. C., Kansas City, Mo.

WRITERS WANTED To do copying at home. Art Institute, Lima, Ohio.

All Free

This Beautiful Doll's Fur Set included in the BIG FREE OFFER

Six Different Presents
Completely Dressed Life Size Doll
Doll's Push Cart
Fur Muff Fur Cap Fur Stole
and Doll's Chatelaine Watch
Will make any little girl speechless with delight

Not One But All Six Articles GIVEN AWAY Now

If you have a little girl who wants a beautiful Doll, imported from Germany, and the other five presents, now is your opportunity. Our Bisque Doll is nearly two feet high, jointed legs and arms, curly waxen hair, trimmed hat, with large plumes, ribbons and lace, opens and closes her eyes, stylish sateen dress with yoke. Complete underwear, stockings and slippers with buckles. The Go-Cart is just right for Dollie to sit in and runs smoothly. Dollie's Fur Set is a dream of delight—three pieces: cap, muff, stole. The little imitation chatelaine watch is also very pretty. Think of the good times a girl can have dressing Dollie and taking her out riding.

No Money If you want these six presents just send us your name and address and we will send you by return mail 12 beautiful Gold Embossed Art Pictures in 12 colors size 16x20 inches. You know what gold embossed post cards are, but think how much more beautiful are large gold embossed pictures. You distribute these beautiful pictures free on a special plan—collecting 25c with each picture. Then you send us the $3.00 and the same day received we will ship you this Doll, Go-Cart, 3-piece Fur Set and Doll's Chatelaine Watch. Just send us the coupon today. If you do not care to distribute our pictures after receiving them, all well and good. We will send you postage for their return. Our capitalization is 2,500,000.00, and we will show you when you reply that we do just as we agree.

O. C. FINNEY, Treas., 107-111 Clinton St., Dept. 101 CHICAGO

CUT ON THIS LINE

Mr. O. C. Finney Treas.
107-111 So. Clinton Street, Chicago
DEAR SIR:—Send me postpaid your 12 Gold Embossed Pictures to distribute which will entitle me to your six presents of Doll, Go-Cart, 3-piece Fur Set and Doll's Watch. I can return at your expense if I do not care to distribute on your easy plan.

Name...

Address...

101 ....

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE...............Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Don't Dodge

The Blade advises its readers not to overlook the advertising columns. They help make the paper and the revenue they bring to the publisher makes a low subscription price possible. Furthermore, the reader who dodges an advertisement may miss an opportunity. It is always well to be wide awake to what is going on.

The best liar is the one who has confidence in his ability.

It would enliven the situation to have Texas go Republican.

Darius Green didn't have as much patience as Count Zeppelin.

If Dr. Cook ever had any records he made a good job of hiding them.

There is always somebody to love a man for the enemies he has made.

Had Dr. Cook discovered America half the people wouldn't have believed it.

Fame is one thing. Notoriety is being called a liar by Theodore Roosevelt.

If the mediums are to be believed, Prof. James is doing more talking than is good for spirits.

Laura Jean Libbey says she has material for fifty new novels, but she is making no threats.

To those whom it may concern: The per capita circulation in the United States is now $35.03.

"Do not forget Mr. Bryan," says a Washington paper. Mr. Bryan won't let anybody forget him.

Politics is expensive to the statesman who has to spend money to keep out of the penitentiary.

Nearly every candidate for congress who isn't seeking his first taste of glory is after a vindication.

At the age of 73 Senator Burrows did not know when to quit. The office-holding habit is hard to break.

It is reported that the new $5 bills will be smaller. But they'll still look pretty big the night before pay day.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is ninety-six years old, and yet we can't remember more than four lines of it.

"Pearls grow on cocoanut trees in the Malay peninsula." Sounds something like a real estate advertisement.

Congressman Nick Longworth says he doesn't know what an insurgent is. And if he did probably he wouldn't tell.

The Chicago man who is getting married for the first time at the age of ninety-two can't be accused of being precipitate.

A New York woman who obtained a divorce 18 years ago has just applied for alimony. It is a rare case of absent-mindedness.

If predictions could win elections Congressman Champ Clark would soon have every office in the country occupied by a Democrat.

Scientists have discovered horned men in a California mound, but they can't determine whether they were insurgents or standpatters.

A Massachusetts man, who was an inveterate smoker, is dead at the age of 105. Smoking is dangerous when complicated with old age.

A prehistoric jawbone weighing forty pounds has been unearthed in Indiana. It is a remarkable find to make during an off political year.

Missouri Democrats are going to boom Mr. Folk for president. Nineteen hundred and twelve promises to be a great year for favorite sons.

New style novels do not marry people in the last chapter, but they leave the reader under the impression that the hero is about ready to start after the license.

The Washington Post says "there is enough advice at large in this country to supply a population of twice 90,000,000." But there is always a lot allowed to go to waste.

According to a Chicago minister the devil now wears a frock coat, a silk hat, a white tie, a high collar and patent leather shoes. He must look something like a preacher.

We don't take much stock in the pessimistic fear that there is to be a scarcity of Thanksgiving turkeys this year. There is always more cold turkey the day after than anybody wants.

News has been received from Budapest, Hungary, to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt will be a candidate for president in 1912. There are still a number of other districts to hear from.

The agricultural department says the city man is pretty certain to make a failure of farming. But why discourage him? Thinking about going back to the farm may be the only pleasure he has.

The high cost of living is having its effect on the churches. Fifty-seven Iowa Methodist preachers are going to desert their pulpits because of low salaries. What has become of the old-fashioned men who used to respond to "calls?"

A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS?

In the light of the political landslide in Maine—"as Maine goes the country goes"—it is timely to consider what might be expected of the Democrats should they obtain control of the national house of representatives. Fortunately, there are straws which show the direction of the wind. Programs have been set down and lacking an outfit of principles, a campaign typically Democratic has been arranged that may hide the scantiness of established issues.

The New York World voices the sentiments of many thousands of Democrats. It has stood for Democracy, in a partisan sense, when Democracy has become little else than a fog-bank. It has preached about "pure Democratic principles" when you couldn't find such a thing any more than you can find the bang of a drum with a reading glass. The World put forth recently the work which the Democratic congress would perform. We recall only part of it, but it included an investigation of the sources of the Republican campaign fund of the year 1904, an inquiry into the purchase of the Panama canal property and another such probe of the executive clemency in the case of the purchase of the Tennessee Coal & Iron company by the United States Steel corporation. So it ran on—not a constructive policy in the full stretch of it; all retroactive, all revengeful, all picayunish and useless. In short, the Democratic congress, if it is to be, is to devote itself to shooting holes in the Roosevelt record. The New York World has not alone shown the vacuum in the tank of good works. Democratic orators have flapped their feathers and crowed their jubilation, describing the excellent prospects for victory, but making no mention of any worthy deed it would be their aim and hope and desire and purpose and patriotism to perform.

The issue standing forth in the congressional campaigns hinges upon the goodness or the wickedness of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Democrats would undertake another revision. They won't even hint at it upon the floor of the house of representatives, even though a few irresponsible campaigners declare for it upon the stump. But they would assuredly seek to stultify the strong progressive section of the tariff law which calls for steady, constant scientific revision with politics and special interest pleadings out of the case. They would do this inevitably because it is a Republican constructive measure, because many Democrats are on record as opposed to it, because it is the way of the party to cut the wires of anything Republican. As partisans they will argue that they cannot afford to endorse a Republican idea. As partisans they will feel that they cannot breathe easily where, from time to time, there shall enter the house of representatives a suggestion having a Republican origin and Republican endorsement.

The Democratic party has undergone no change since last it held the majority in the house. It has one or two crusading spirits, but not even a road-map for a crusade. It hasn't given a glimmer of a hope that, if it gains power at the November elections, it will do aught than that which it has done in the past—fritter away time and money, play street-corner politics and develop another case of irritation for the country to act upon in 1912.

John Hay once pronounced the Democratic party a "fortuitous concourse of unrelated prejudices." Has it changed since then in the least?

PERHAPS CAUGHT THIS TIME.

The Chicago packers, when indicted a few years ago for conducting a combination in restraint of trade, escaped trial and possibly punishment by the invention of the plea of "immunity bath." The high financiers had reason to be extremely thankful to the packers for originating this defense. It has come in handy several times and only the most adroit maneuvering of prosecutors has kept malefactors out of the grand jury rooms, so anxious were they to make a clean breast of their offences and demand their right to go free.

The government attorneys will be uneasy until they learn the program of the packers. Something new may be sprung. Some new loophole may be found. The lawyers have had several months in which to scheme and to plan. If they fail to bring forth a novel plea, whether it prove effective or not, many men of wealth to east and to west of them will be grieved.

Yet, remembering how the government succeeded in reaching the inner circle of the Sugar trust, there is reason for the public to entertain a hope that the Chicago packers are caught this time with a firm grip. There must be a spot in which the rich law-breaker cannot squirm and dodge and duck from under the arm of the law. Perhaps the packers are on that spot.

DR. WILSON'S CHANCE.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson's nomination as Democratic candidate for governor of New Jersey will constitute a "talking point" for the party throughout the country. He stands head and shoulders above the professional politicians about him. He is, in a small way, the Roosevelt of Democracy—preaching cleanliness, patriotism and duty, scolding against grafting, indifference and the shunning of duty. He enters practical politics as one who would much rather remain in his present position, yet, having committed himself to what he considers a moral obligation weighing upon every man, he takes up the new endeavors cheerfully and earnestly.

Dr. Wilson's action is a hopeful sign. The schools have taught a lot about the science of government, but they have contributed extremely little in the direction of personality to the cause. In continental Europe the universities are the birthplaces of political ideas. In America they are looked upon in this regard as being as barren of dynamic political value as a museum full of fossils. "High Brows," the professors have been called, not as they should be, by way of respect, but as impracticable scholars and inadequate citizens. A new order may be appearing. A faculty member who really knows humanity may some day be a familiar figure upon a university campus. Woodrow Wilson's opportunity is more than the opportunnity to gain public office. It is in serving as prophet and discipline for an improved species of scholar that his best labor can be rendered.

MAINE REBELS.

Maine has gone Democratic, but it is no more a Democratic state than Texas is Republican. There can be nothing in the Democratic book, the Democratic slogan and label, to prove attractive to those who voted in Maine yesterday. It is no change of heart, of principles, of convictions. The vote is a protest.

For years Hale and Frye held the state in fee simple. It was their commonwealth, their demesne, their pasture and food-trough. They held their power by the power of big and little bosses, by the distribution of postoffices and other federal "fat," by big appropriations obtained for deepening harbors boasting a commerce of seventeen fishing boats and a tourist hotel launch, by bigger appropriations for navy yards and navy yard jobs and jobberies. Both Senators Hale and Frye were identified in their early public careers with the great builders of the nation. They were right hand men with the strongest leaders of Republicanism. But they became drunk with power. They used their state as they chose and misused it as it struck their fancy. Frye was a gentle scholarly echo for the Aldrich clique. Hale was its second-in-command, assertive, arrogant and bulging with a realization of his superiority. They have dropped to one side, but their overseers and whippers-in tried to perpetuate the machine.

No wonder Maine rebelled. No wonder the day came when federal appropriations had no exchange value for votes en masse. No wonder the state decided that the representatives of a party without a single article of faith—a mere opposition—was better than the old gang.

IN ILLINOIS.

A wave of righteousness struck the shores of Illinois on Thursday, but it didn't run very far up the beach. It was impeded by the sand and the eelgrass of dirty machine politics and let but a very thin dampening from the waters of common, every-day decency.

Mr. Lee O'Neill Browne, whose legislative career is undergoing a course of scrutiny in the courts, has received vindication — political vindication. Others of his ilk have been given endorsement at the primaries and, in the event of their election, may be called upon to vote upon "jack-pot" measures from cells in the penitentiary at Joliet. Mr. Lorimer, elected to the United States senate by purchased votes, according to the confessions of three or four legislators, stood by with a life-line for the Republican grafters, and Roger Sullivan Democratic boss, did heroic service in the interest of the distressed of his own party. Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Sullivan are each entitled to one Mount Zion necktie and the right to strut about as worth finally recognized and tagged.

Still, things might have been worse. The wave of righteousness might not have climbed the breakwater at all. Illinois, as the Chicago Tribune puts it, is black about the ears and brown about the nose, but there are nice, clean pink spots here and there. Possibly water well thickened with lye can be stored between now and election day. We mustn't forget that this has been a dry season.

ON KNOWING ONE'S DUTY.

Governor Harmon has defined his duties as they touch upon the Columbus street railway crisis with the most exact nicety. He has looked up the law. He has gone painstakingly through the constitution. He has examined the record of legislation to such good purpose that he has found wherein he can once more "put things up" to someone else. In short, Governor Harmon knows what he can do and what he cannot do, and from this position of strategy he alternately fires a fusillade of small-arm defenses and a roar of high-powered accusations.

The state cannot but take satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Harmon has learned the length of the rope of his authority. The thing speaks for conscientious solicitude for the welfare of the commonwealth. It shows wherein responsibility solemnly raises its hand against any active interest in peace, in the protection of property and the prosperity of business. It is well for a man to know how far he can go and, in the instance, a great consolation to know that he cannot go very far.

Yet the state—pursuing the thought—will wonder why it was Mr. Harmon was so absent-minded as to his duties when the Woods utilities bill was in the senate. It will wonder why he found it of no moment to lift a finger for progress, why it was he had "not even read the bill."

Ohio can believe in a public servant who has a strong sense of duty, whether he is always right or not. But can it continue to believe in one whose sense of duty is a convenience?

A Few Words to Friends

The Blade's attitude against whisky advertisements has brought the publishers a flood of felicitous letters from the paper's friends. To reply to all by personal note is out of the question. Hence these few words are offered in appreciation of the kindly communications received.

It is The Blade's desire to keep in close touch with its readers. This can be done only through letters direct from those who read the paper from week to week. These letters are always welcome at the publishing office, where they serve as an inspiration.

THINGS YET TO ACCOMPLISH.

Upon the same day that Moissant predicted the crossing of the Atlantic ocean, an amateur on Long Island fell while making a short flight in answering an invitation to tea, and another tumbled into the Irish sea when within a few feet of the end of his journey.

The mishaps give a humorous aspect to Moissant's prediction, but they emphasize also the many things which must be overcome before any save the utterly foolhardy will attempt to fly over the Atlantic. The Long Islander, bound for his tea, failed to negotiate a telegraph pole, a fixture which long ago came into disrepute with the automobilists. The airmen must learn to judge obstacles by their real nature, not by the contorted view they get of them from aloft. They must gain perfect control of the steering apparatus and develop as keen a sense of resourcefulness as the motorist has who travels a twisting road. In the case of the aviator who fell into the sea, he was brought down by the breaking of a wire. If aeroplanes are not to be proof against slight accidents to engine and equipment, what prospect will any flyer have who dares the fickle winds and the vast spaces of the Atlantic?

Withal, Moissant may be right. None may tell what the science of flying may develop into if all concerned in it have the same bravery and the same quality of perseverence which Moissant has shown himself to be possessed of.

MAKING HIS MEMORY CLOWNISH.

Prof. William James, for one whose life had been spent in educational work, was unusually grounded in the knowledge of the ways of humanity. Yet, when he arranged a key by which it might be known if he were communicating from the other side, he made a "break" of quite as innocent and ridiculous a character as was ever committed by an unsophisticated scholar.

Scarcely had it become known that the James "key" was in existence than spiritualists of various kinds and degrees began to send word to the newspapers that they had heard from Prof. James. He had dispatched messages "across," they said. He had given each of them a clue by which the authenticity of the message might be verified. No seance of the last week has amounted to much unless the shade of Prof. James had either appeared or had edged in a word or two between the table-knocking and the banging of the banjo. Sad to observe, the psychologist has lost the fine and lucid flow of English which distinguished him while living and is talking the vernacular of the professional medium. "Yep, it's me," he is reported to have said in answer to one query, a conjunction of flippancy and bad grammar which would have pained his very soul a few weeks ago.

By the time the seals are broken upon the "key" a year hence, Prof. James' memory will be sadly discredited. The "key" will be a joke and so also may be the professor.

QUICK-LUNCH VACATIONING.

A subscriber writing to the Boston Transcript complains of the fading, or rather changing, popularity of famous Mount Washington. The hotel that burned three years ago is not to be rebuilt. There is to be in its stead a restaurant, one where the tourist can get a meal in a hurry and of the hurry-up order, and can purchase a seashell souvenir as he goes out the door. The fault does not lie, the writer thinks, in those who provide accommodations, but in the tourists.

The "manner of men" of today is vastly unlike the patronage of a quarter century ago. One may not express it in words, so subtly has an influence worked, but in purpose and appreciation of visit, the automobile spirit "to do the place" is the dominating characteristic. The oldtime, passive enjoyment exists no longer. Ever increasing numbers of trails encourage ceaseless tramping to and fro, over the mountains; the people who come by train are too often impatient for leaving.

Is all leisureliness to go out of our pleasure-taking? Are we to lose the gift of relaxation, the power to cast off all the habits of the town and to open the gates of the mind to new and reposeful impressions? Perhaps men will penetrate the Canadian wilderness some day merely for the purpose of "toting" a gun a certain, predetermined number of hours and then hasten back, fully satisfied—and as boastful as a visitor to Atlantic City.

THE MOTOR-DRIVEN LINER.

Six years ago Mr. George Westinghouse said:

> We shall build up a great marine turbine industry in the United States. The importance of the marine turbine has not been over-estimated. It is long past the stage of experiment. For passenger ships, freight ships, yachts and for battleships, not less than for torpedo boats, the turbine is unquestionably the best engine. For pleasure craft the turbine surpasses all other forms of engine, because of its absolute freedom from vibration. Its compactness recommends it for all classes of vessels.

Mr. Westinghouse would not say this today. He would not have said it in 1904 if he could have looked upon the gas engines, made in his own shops, with the eye of prophecy.

That little, noisy, rackety, gasoline launch, despised and joked about and legislated against and held up as a dangerous folly so short a time ago, was as much a precursor of great development as Fulton's steamer was. Out of the launch, noisy and unreliable, have grown the bigger power boat and the speed boats. From these have developed the fishing craft which depend upon the internal combustion engine for power, the cruising yachts and the vessels which dare deep water and rough seas. The Hamburg-American Steamship company has now undertaken the construction of a 9,000 ton Atlantic liner, which will be driven by motor. Two engines will provide 1,500 horsepower each. Not only is there to be economy in space and in the size of the engine room corps, but the engine room space, including the stoke hole, will be 75 per cent smaller than in a vessel of the same size using steam, the saving giving just so much more room for cargo. The vessel will have an odd appearance, since the funnels, one of the means now of identification at sea, will be remarked by their absence. An English firm of manufacturers, of which the American, Hiram Maxim, is a member, has constructed for experiment internal combustion engines developing an indicated horsepower of 40,000. This has led to agitation for the application of motor engines to battleships, for which many special advantages have been pointed out.

If the Hamburg-American company proves the motor-driven liner a success, it is plain that one of the first extensions of the new engine will be to the commerce of the Great Lakes. The necessary fuel is nearer at hand and the necessity of space saving for cargo is more imperative since the draught of the lake freighters is at present regulated by the depths of water in the Detroit river and the locks at the Soo.

MORE FASCINATING FICTION.

Next week The Blade will offer a big story, full of action, with strongly drawn characters and a baffling mystery. The Red House on Rowan Street is the title of this splendid tale. It is American. The efforts of a man to help a friend in his love affairs leads him into a situation where his interests speedily become personal. The story of his energetic endeavors to clear up the town mystery, and the results of his labor of love combine to make a strong narrative.

The Blade feels safe in assuring its readers that they will be greatly pleased with The Red House on Rowan Street.

INDIAN SUMMER.

No more the battle or the chase
  The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in its accustomed place
  The Autumn hails anew;
And still from solemn councils set
  On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
  Ascends to heaven again.
—Father Tabb.

Indian summer is brought to us as if in a box with a lid held by a strong spring. Not gradually, not slowly, does it come, as winter creeps in, but with a leap and a sense of clean-cut distinction from active, humming, self-centered summer. Some mystic hand takes up the brush and in an hour every blue that is of water and horizon, every green of woods, every brown of marsh and roadside, has a hint of gold in it. It is the haze of the distance, the reflection of the streets, the rusting wings of migrant birds, even the glint of the wire of fences.

Who gave this strange, wonderful inter-season the name of Indian Summer we do not know, but why he did anyone may see. For it is a period as appealing to the nomad spirit as April, but in another way. The wanderers move in shorter stages and more soberly. There is less of song about the camp, but more of thought. The young tribesman works over the painting of the robe and the elder sits alone in the sun, contemplative, journeying the trail of dreams. The children play at quiet games. Over all is the spell of stillness, the spell that is the pain of beauty too sweet, of strangeness that enwraps the soul.

NOT IN HIS LINE?

The Mining Congress has been working for a long time to eradicate the evil of fake mining companies. It has succeeded in getting a severe law of its own writing upon the statute books of six states and to persuade two other states to adopt similar measures. The principal section of the law is:

> Any person who knowingly makes or publishes in any way whatever, or knowingly permits to be so made or published, any book, notice, report, statement, exhibit or other publication of or concerning the affairs, pecuniary condition or property of any corporation, joint stock association, co-partnership or individual, which said book, prospectus, notice, report, statement, exhibit or other publication shall contain any statement which is false, or which is wilfully or fraudulently exaggerated, or which is intended to give or which shall have a tendency to give to the public generally or to any person a less or greater apparent value to the shares, bonds or property of said corporation, joint stock association, co-partnership or individual, than said shares, bonds or property or any part thereof shall reall or in fact possess, shal lbe deemed guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned for not more than five years or fined not more than $5,000, or shall suffer both such imprisonment and fine.

The names of the delegates to the congress of this year are published in "press material" we have at hand. We search in vain for the name of Charles Dick.

NEW YORK'S FOUR MILLION.

Paris and Berlin together would make one New York. London now alone leads the metropolis of America in point of inhabitants. The teeming masses of Canton are left without their one distinction—resident to the largest city in the world. The new absorbing the old bids fair to force even London to take the dust.

While the old New York, Manhattan island, still holds half of the population, the borough seems destined to suffer eclipse. Brooklyn has gained at the rate of 40.1 per cent in ten years. Queens is 85.6 bigger and the Bronx, not so long ago the undisputed possession of the squatters and their goats, the truck farmers and the boy explorer, has more than doubled itself. It has been the scene of astonishing real estate speculation. It is there that the real art of putting up apartment houses without actual personal investment has reached its highest development. Within its precincts politicians have engineered fortunes for themselves by deciding the streets to be cut through and the avenues first to boast the extension of the water system.

New York has four millions and 766,833 more — which is conclusive proof that what the west thinks of that city doesn't rule the taste of a quite considerable number of folks.

Ohio will celebrate the discovery of America October 12. It will be remembered that the discovery was made by Christopher Columbus, who never regretted it.

It is time for the automobile to learn some new tricks. Skidding and turning turtle are getting too old to be interesting.

Julius Caesar Burrows fell a victim to the canning season. His ponderous **name could not save him.**

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHAT SHALL RULE THE BOY?

International Sunday School Lesson for September 25 Is the Quarterly Temperance Lesson. Gal. 5:15-26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Great Britain, which has been lately passing through a period of serious self-examination, has evolved several remedies for national evils, one of the most conspicuous being the Boy Scouts. This is General Baden-Powell's plan for organizing the boys of the empire for purposes of self-discipline and training in service and patriotism. All over England, Scotland and Ireland the traveller sees these lads in their natty uniforms, holding themselves erect, and the envied of their companions. The spirit of chivalry, it is not too much to say, has been revived by this non-military organization. Every few days one reads of rescues and other noble deeds done by Boy Scouts. Today's newspaper told how they had rescued an airman and his flying-machine, poised in peril on the edge of a precipice.

The secret of the Boy Scout movement is that instead of a series of "don'ts" it has put before the boys a great and manly ideal. It is making character of the first order. By laying hold of the springs of impulse and conduct in youth it is contributing greatly to the rehabitation of the British character. That is the New Testament way. Paul proclaims it in the present lesson study. Largest life and loftiest is born of the new ideals which are represented by the Spirit of God. Except we bring society, in its formative period under the dominance of those truths which Jesus expounded and incarnated, there is little hope for permanent human betterment.

Driving Out the Snakes.

Of course it is a work of religion, warranted by the word and example of Christ and his apostles, to make war against the forces of evil which corrupt society. The popular conception of St. Patrick's saintliness is that it consisted in driving the snakes out of Ireland. Well, that is work for a saint. We must put into apostolic succession the Rev. Mr. Patterson, a Presbyterian minister, who within a twelve-month has undertaken to drive the worst snake of all—intemperance—out of the beautiful green island, by the organization of the "Catch my Pals" movement. This new form of temperance organization has seized hold of the imagination of multitudes and a few weeks ago 5,000 men, all "Catch my Pals," and so pledged to give up strong drink and to help their friends to do likewise, met in a monster demonstration.

Great Britain, for instance, must not only train up Boy Scouts, but she must also close up her public houses. The American saloon is bad, and is doomed because of its badness, but the English public house, especially in the big cities, is indescribably worse. Men and women both crowd the bars and the adjacent rooms. Female topers are almost as common a sight as males in the slums of London. Women even stand outside the public house doors drinking, and I have seen mothers sharing the glass with babes not more than two years old. Scientific study of the social problems of America have resulted in a strong indictment of the saloon; even more sweeping must be the condemnation pronounced against the British public house. These snakes must be killed if society is not to be bitten.

Where are the Substitutes?

Here again we are forced back upon the principle that the extinction of the bad is to come about through the introduction of the good. The forces of religion and social amelioration have fallen short in the supplanting of the unprofitable by the profitable. Saloons afford shelter and society; they meet the fundamental need for fellowship. Men find a comraderie—artificial and unenduring, but a comraderie, none the less—about the bar of a saloon. There is a sort of equality there as well as informality. A man need not dress in his best clothes to be made welcome; he feels that he is as good as anybody else when he stands with his glass of grog in his hand. Moreover the liquor puts him into a temporary glow and fires his geniality and his imagination.

Go to any of the great cities of the world and what substitute for the saloon do you find? The oft-tried coffee house is a dismal failure. The rescue mission is for those who are confessedly "down and out." There is no place of entertainment or refreshment or sociability provided by Christianity. Most of the really alluring amusement resorts are in some wise in league with vice. They drag down rather than uplift. The need is clamant for a strong invasion of the centers of common assembly, especially the "down town" of the big cities, by the modernized forces of the gospel. The saloon, and all other debasing agencies, must be met and battled with on their own ground.

Think on the Best Things.

"I never knew a secretary who concentrated his thought upon the social purity question who did not himself go wrong somehow, eventually," remarked an experienced Young Men's Christian association worker. The startling statement but exemplified the Pauline law, laid down in this lesson. To keep the mind on the flesh, even with the best initial motive is dangerous. The sociologist who specializes on the sex question generally becomes morbid and unbalanced. The man or woman who thinks about intemperance all the time is likely to become a "temperance crank" with distorted and unscientific views of things that rob him or her of real power. No theme that has to do with evil may be safely contemplated constantly. The reformer, of all persons, needs the corrective of normal associations, normal home life, normal and idealistic literature and art.

Let a person get to thinking too much about the evils of life, or even about the abuses in the church, and his mental vision will become distorted. He will lose his sense of perspective and proportion. He will become "sour" and misanthropic. All of us have met persons obsessed by the idea of hypocrites in the church; their thinking had grown to be altogether unbalanced. So it is with the liquor question, with almost excusable zeal, some persons have become so consumed with horror at the iniquities of the traffic that they run to excesses of statement and action. Let us keep our hearts pure and our heads level.

The Expulsive Power.

It would be bad manners, bad pedagogy and bad psychology for any teacher of this lesson to focus attention upon the seventeen works of the flesh which Paul enumerates in this lesson. They are a hideous warning and all too true. But they may not safely be conner too closely. The method is bad and unsuccessful, as centuries of vain holding up of the "horrible examples" of overindulgence in strong drink have proved. It is not necessary to examine closely into the dangers against which we are warned. We can safely take the words of wise old Paul, corroborated, as they are, by the wisdom of all the great sages of history, that obedience to the impulses of the lower nature not only ends in satiety, but also creates a myriad evils.

Better far is it to hold aloft the glory and power and beauty of the spiritual life. The desirable end of life all lie within the sphere of the spiritual. Let us commit to memory this majestic enumeration of the fruit of the Spirit:

Love   Goodness
Joy   Faith
Peace   Meekness
Longsuffering   Temperance
Gentleness

"Against such there is no law."

The life with lifted-up ideals simply has no room for the base. The boy who has held up before him the great examples of noble men and women, whose mind is stored with the finest passages of literature, who has become a friend of the martyrs and heroes and great human servants of history, and whose heart has accepted the leadership of Jesus and his Spirit, will scarcely need to be warned against the seductions of the flesh. The good will have crowded out the bad.

The Ink Plant.

Knowledge.

The ink of everyday life may be perhaps described as of mixed animal, vegetable and mineral origin. Sometimes, however, the juice of a plant can be used directly for writing. This is the case with the ink plant, which occurs in South America and New Zealand.

The juice of the plant is red, but it becomes rapidly black on exposure by oxidization. It gives a permanent stain on paper and can be used as ink without further preparation. All the early documents in Spanish South **America were written with the juice of the ink plant.**

A Song of Harvest.

O painter of the fruits and flowers,
  We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
  In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
  The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed
  May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, old knaves their
    powers;
  Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
  Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
  And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
  An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
  The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall
    grow
  If not on earth, at last in heaven.
—Whittier.

Language Handicaps

NEARLY half a billion people in Eastern Asia are struggling under the handicap of languages unsuited to the needs and methods of the modern world. What they achieve in education, science, commerce and industry is accomplished in spite of the burden of primitive speech.

One-third of the population of the globe, roundly speaking, lives in the Chinese and Japanese empires. There has been no real census in China, but the weight of opinion is that the official estimates of more than 400,000,000 are not far wrong. The Chinese government claims about 420,000,000. Japan, with Korea annexed and Formosa well settled in the Japanese Empire, counts somewhere between 62,000,000 and 70,000,000 subjects. The doubt is in Korea where the Japanese have not had time to take a census.

The educated men and women of this vast mass of human beings all struggle, more or less, under the heavy load of primitive sign languages. Scholars and statesmen are using means of communication befitting the stage of development of barbarians. That is, in the very framework or foundation of written and spoken language.

Japan, of course, has accomplished wonders in spite of this handicap. The Japanese have proved able to march in the front ranks of the world's advance, notwithstanding the difficulties and burdens of the speech which they use. They have shown no need of any allowance whatever for their disadvantages in respect to language. But what might they not have achieved if they had been freed from the burden of a tongue, largely borrowed from China, which is wholly unsuited to the most important work of this age of strenuous endeavor and far-reaching business enterprise?

China, also, has produced men who have proved that they could hold their own with any rivals, notwithstanding the heavy load their native tongue lays upon them. But beyond doubt the nature of the Chinese language will always prevent anything like universal education, even in the simplest forms, until the language itself can be radically changed or abandoned.

Statesmen in both great countries of Eastern Asia realize this almost crushing burden of sign languages. They agree with great scholars of their own race and with foreigners, that some sweeping change, going to the very bottom of the problem, ought to be made. The task is one of tremendous difficulty, but it may yet be undertaken in the most thoroughgoing fashion, in Japan, if not in China.

The Japanese have a popular speech or dialect of their own, which uses characters based on sounds and combinations of sounds instead of ideas or things, as in the Chinese and in the Chinese-like language of the educated class. It is thought by advocates of language reform in Japan that this speech of the unschooled can be transformed from a sign language into a language with an alphabet of letters, by the use of all the Roman letters, several Russian letters and a few to be invented. That would make a language with 47 letters, and by the free use of accents and such marks, it is thought that the medium of expression will be found adequate to popular needs.

The proposition is for a cumbersome language, but it would be an enormous gain for simplicity, none the less. Now the language of the educated Japanese uses not far from 10,000 characters. A newspaper office must have thousands of them ready for "setting up" type. A man who really masters his native speech must know how to form not less than 7,000 or 8,000 of these signs.

It is a tremendous burden. The tax upon the memory is extremely heavy. The waste of time in learning to form thousands of little characters, every one of them standing for a separate idea, is enormous, when it extends over a great nation's business and social life. The barrier between Japanese and Western civilization which the sign language constitutes is very formidable.

All this applies to China, also, in even greater degree, but there is no hope of moving the vast Chinese nation sufficiently, within the near future, to uproot the language which was fastened upon a then primitive people, thousands of years ago. Japan must lead the reform in the means of speech and communication. If it succeeds in the island empire, the ultimate effect will be a like transformation in China.

PORTLAND TO DO BETTER

Loading Nearly 5,000,000 Feet of Lumber in One Ship Not Enough.

Portland Oregonian.

Portland is to have another opportunity to establish a new world's record for lumber cargo on a single vessel, for the British tramp Knight of the Garter, which attracated the attention of the entire shipping world in June by loading 4,920,000 feet at the eastern and western mill for Tsingtaut has been rechartered by the same interests, the China Import and Export Lumber Co.

At the time of the carrier's departure it was estimated that she could exceed the amount taken with material of a character that would have permitted better stowage and until she was cleared June 10 it was believed that she would lead at least 5,000,000 feet. The vessel was reported on the other side in good season, as she put to sea June 11 and arrived at Tsingtau July 8 and sailed for Shanghai, where she arrived July 20.

The China Import and Export Co. has taken her for the round voyage, so she will carry iron ore from China to Irondale and then come here for lumber, arriving in October. The company has dispatched and has under order for shipment this season a total of 50,000,000 feet of lumber, all of which has been forwarded to the China market. The Knight of St. George, owned by the same firm, was also chartered by the China Import and Export Co., but later was rechartered to the Dollar Steamship Co. The company dispatched the tramp Belle of Scotland Monday and has the Japanese steamer Otaru Maru No. 2 loading at St. Johns.

A Pig Arboreal in Its Habits.

Portland Oregonian.

The latest domestic freak in this part of the northwest is a "climbing pig," so designated by J. L. Dittemore, deputy county treasurer, who made the discovery at the Bert White ranch, eight miles east of Dayton.

When driving along a country road the official saw some animal in an apple tree shaking the limbs violently. He investigated and found a sorrel hog standing with his front feet on the lower branches scraping the limbs free of apples. When the ground had been well covered the **sorrel pig came down and proceeded to satisfy his hunger.**

Varietie

Japan imported nearly 170 tons lead pencils from Germany last year.

Agriculture in Germany suppo about nineteen million of the popu tion.

Of 2,816,718,960 eggs exported fr Russia last year Great Britain to 725 333,760.

In Sweden the testimony of a ch under 16 years of age will not be a cepted in court.

Nearly six hundred thousand cycl are manufactured in the United Kin dom in the course of a year.

The next meeting of the internati al commission for scientific aerona tics will be held in 1912, in Vienna.

Cork, if sunk 200 feet deep in t ocean, will not rise, on account of t pressure of the water.

Marriages of minors are much m frequent in mining and manufacturi than in agricultural districts.

New Jersey maintains its hi standard of public schools at an a rage cost of about 20 cents a day pupil.

By the introduction of new pres the government printing office is a to turn out 3,000,000 postal cards a d

A species of stiff grass, which gro abundantly in India, is used for stif in making matches in that country.

Headache almost always yields the simultaneous application of water to the feet and the back of t head.

Marseilles is one of the very f large cities of the world which sho a persistent increase in infant m tality.

The extremes of temperature on t Sahara are such that while the d may be oppressively hot, at night freezes.

Sir William Ramsay recently exh ited a pair of scales which will we a seven-thousand-millionth of ounce.

It was about 1720, at Amsterda that Fahrenheit made his first th mometer, which has served as a m del ever since.

The courts of justice and the sch system in Persia are to be reformed the new cabinet with the aid of forei advisers.

Ivory may be bleached in a bath unslacked lime, bran and water, af which it should be rubbed with a s sawdust.

New York city, with 600 sch buildings, will begin the new sch year with about 60,000 part t scholars.

Russia has appropriated nearly ,000,000 for a complete army aeropl equipment, the largest sum expen for the purpose by any government.

King George was the twelfth hol of the title of Duke of York, and eighteenth holder of the English t of Prince of Wales since its creati in 1301.

In Birmingham, England, a bonus one pound ($4.86) is given to ev motorman for every three mon that he goes without an avoidab cident.

Increase in the number of auto miles in New York is not bring down the price of horses. The aver price for a horse is $119, and m cost $14 more.

Vegetables contain a great deal alcohol, and it is said that they evert an intoxicating influence on th who depend upon them exclusively food.

A putty knife with a reservoir the handle from which putty can squeezed by pressing a button been invented as a time-saver for g ziers by a Minnesota man.

Some of the Indians of South Am ca are powerful swimmers and use stroke popularly known as the "A tralian crawl," which, however, th discovered for themselves.

Hair darkens some 55 per cent d ing the first five years of life, an further 33 per cent up to the age 45. This darkening is more marked males than in females.

Seventeen species of shark, some them 25 feet in length, inhabit the western seas, while the basking sh of the Indian ocean frequently att a length of 50 feet.

Pundita Ramabai, who is descri as the most learned woman in In has been working on a translation the Bible for nearly five years. has something like 50 assistants work.

As a memorial to the late Marquis Ripon (who died in July of last y seven painted glass windows been placed in St. Wilfrid's Ro Catholic church, Ripon, represent figures of saints.

An effort is being made to st Lake Champlain with Pacific coast mon, 20,000 young fish having alre been put out. Anglers claim these fish are going to furnish m of the sport in the future and t they will grow rapidly in east lakes.

Havre is the most important fish port in France, yet fish costs cons ers more there than in the capital, cause every catch that comes in sent to Paris at once, leaving a scar of supply in the fishing port itself. five years the price of fish in Ha has increased 50 per cent.

Beet sugar comes more and m into use in this country, as abo For the year ending June 30 the p duction of beet sugar in the Un States was 1,025,000,000 pounds. 1899 it was only 73,000,000 pou Only a very short time before this ter date no beet sugar at all was duced in this country.

Bread in London is up 1 cent a (of four pounds). The new pric 12 cents a loaf for ordinary, 13 c for best quality, by agreement of London Master Bakers' Protective ciety. In England the bakers' b ness is in deep distress and throu out the United Kingdom skilled bak are starving.

While a Boston man was in Verm last summer he went to dinner wi friend who has some political asp tions. As they came in the door heard the woman of the house sa the hired girl: "I see Mr. Jones somebody with him to dinner. T those two big potatoes down to cellar and bring up three small on

The Duchess of Aosta has foll in ex-President Roosevelt's foots as a hunter of big game, and she cently made a triumphant arrival Naples after a 10 months' tour in Congo. Waiting to meet the duch and welcome her back to domestic were her husband, the Duke of A and her two sons, the Princes Am and Aimone.

There may be a "Greater Buf pretty soon. A correspondent of Evening News, dissatisfied with United States census figures of 4 population, suggests a united effort ward 500,000 in 1915, when the will count noses. To this end, News advances a proposition to a all the villages nearby that are ing to become a part of Buffalo.

Efforts are being made in Eng to require that all passenger carr British and foreign vessels from British ports should be equi with wireless telegraph apparatus pable of transmitting to a distan 100 miles. A bill to this effect before the house of commons pro a penalty of $5,000 in case of fai to obey the law.

It was once the custom in K that a man was not allowed to at to the dignity of trousers until he ried. The bachelor was forced to skirts as one who possessed no nite position in society, moreover law prohibited marriage unless man was able to support a wife the station to which she was use that the skirt also served as an i of income.

The scarcest of all British pos stamps is the two-penny stamp o new design which was ready for at the time of King Edward's de It was not placed on sale, and postmaster general has decided to stroy the entire stock, with the ception of a few specimens for George's album, the British mu and the postoffice museum at St. tin's-le-Grand.

Some ancient ships that rival the celebrated American schooner must be placed to the credit of G Britain. First in order of age is Jenny of Carnarvon, 122 years The next is the May of Whiteh sometimes called the Molly Ashcro distinguish her from other May May was built at Cowes in 179 that she is 112 years old, six y older than the Polly.

The average per capita incom the Japanese is smaller than th any other people belonging to the f ily of great powers. Next to It Japan is the most heavily taxed of tions. The Japanese is taxed to extent of 1 yen 20 sen upon every yen of his income, a proportion ex ed only by Italy, which taxes 1 ye sen upon every 10 yen of the in **of its subjects.**

40 Carloads of Satisfaction in One Season

The two remarkable stoves shown in the picture made a most remarkable record last season. We sold forty carloads of Palace Windsor and Superb Windsor hard coal base burners last Fall and if any proof were required to impress the stove users of this country with the splendid quality of these particular stoves and, in fact, of all the stoves and ranges sold by us, this record would supply that proof. Just think of forty carloads of base burners sent from us to our customers and not a single one of them returned as unsatisfactory! Forty carloads of stoves scattered over this great country of ours, subjected to daily use in the homes of our friends, depended upon to make the home pleasant and comfortable in the severest winter weather, all sold under a most liberal guarantee of absolute satisfaction or we refund the purchase price and transportation charges both ways, and every single base burner of the forty carloads giving full satisfaction, not a single letter of complaint, not one stove of the forty carloads returned because of dissatisfaction. Three stoves were damaged in transit, but as we guarantee safe delivery we replaced them to the three customers who received the stoves that were damaged by the railroad company.

This record proves two things: First, the enormous sales which we enjoy; Second, the high quality of the stoves sold by us. Our large sales are due to the fact that we take the output of several stove foundries, every foundry making a special line of stoves for us according to our own specifications. Our stove manager has spent a lifetime in this business; he knows how stoves should be built to give the best possible service with the least fuel and every stove sent out by us must pass rigid inspection, must measure up to our high standard of quality. Taking the output at foundry cost, we then send them direct to you, carefully crated, blackened and polished, safe delivery to your nearest railway station guaranteed; and to the foundry cost we add but one small margin of profit. Under this policy you save from $5.00 to $20.00 when you buy a stove or range from us. Those who bought these high quality base burners last year write us that they saved as much as $20.00 on the purchase and as the freight charges are very low, the saving was enough in many instances to buy a large portion of the fuel needed to run them last Winter. With our large sales, our economical methods of handling merchandise, our small profits, we are able to give you better qualities for less money than other dealers give you. We want to prove this to you if you will let us.

Write us a letter or a postal card to-day and say "Please send me your new stove catalogue for 1910 and '11" and we will immediately send this new book, just from the printer's hands. It shows you the most complete line of high grade stoves and ranges sold by any single firm in this country. We have everything from the lowest priced airtight heating stove to the finest malleable iron and steel ranges. We have stoves that burn wood, coal, corn cobs, straw and trash of every description; we have stoves for hard coal and stoves for soft coal; we have stoves for every climate and every purpose and in every instance, quality for quality, our prices will save you money.

If you need a stove of any kind this Fall or Winter it will be very much to your advantage to write us a letter or a postal card and ask for a copy of this free stove catalogue.

Our Superb Windsor, Self-Feeding, Double Heater, Hard Coal Base Burner

Which is constructed in our large Pennsylvania Foundry, is a serviceable, reliable and satisfactory stove with steady and powerful heating capacity. The design is new and complete as well as thoroughly practical while its construction is scientific and perfect, thus making our Superb Windsor a superior, popular priced, Hard Coal Base Burner. Our Superb Windsor combines elegance of design with Durability, Strength, Powerful Heating Capacity and a Practical Economy of Fuel with Low Prices.

Prices of Superb Windsor $21.95 to $27.93, according to size.

Our Palace Windsor, Self-Feeding, Double Heater, Hard Coal Base Burner

Is the best value ever offered in a high-grade Hard Coal Base Burner. Our illustrations are taken from the photographs of the actual stove. Thousands of our customers throughout the entire world voluntarily testify to its beauty and simplicity of design; the absolute perfection of the materials used, to the reliability of its mechanical construction; the uniform, perfect and powerful radiation and circulation of heat; the economy of fuel consumed and also to the simplicity and ease of operation and control.

Prices of Palace Windsor $26.05 to $34.68, according to size.

Prompt shipment from Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, also from foundry in Western Pennsylvania. Write at once for our stove catalogue and get full description of these two heaters, with list of sizes and prices. Our catalogue contains among other things a table of freight rates showing the freight on stoves to every state in the Union.

We Are Prepared to Make Quick Delivery

We have worked out a plan under which we carry large stocks of our best stoves and ranges in several warehouses scattered about the country, so that when your order reaches us, we are prepared to make very quick delivery and this also means lower freight charges because the distance the transportation company must carry the stove is so short. We are ready now with the largest stocks in our history. We can deliver in just a few days' time and our low prices, our high qualities, our prompt service, certainly entitle us to consideration at your hands before you buy a stove or range from anyone at home or elsewhere. Get the catalogue with all the particulars, our special offers and guarantees by writing us a letter or a postal card, addressing the store nearest you—19th and Campbell Streets, Kansas City, or Chicago Avenue Bridge, Chicago.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY

115

Help Save the Young Girls

The Appeal to humanity by Gen. Booth, "For God's Sake Do Something," is answered in our new book, "Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls" by Earnest A. Bell, United States District Attorney Sims and others. The most sensational indictment of the White Slave Trade ever published. It tells how thousands of young girls are lured from their homes annually and sold into a life of shame. The Cincinnati Inquirer says, "Of all the books of the season the War on the White Slave Trade is the most helpful; it should be read by every man, woman and child." Agents are making from $8 to $15 a day selling this book. Over 500 pages. Many pictures. Price $1.50. Best terms to Agents. Outfit free. Send 15c. for forwarding charges. Book sent to any address postpaid upon receipt of price. C. W. Stanton Co., 980 Monon Bldg., Chicago. N. B. Outfit showing 6 beautiful Holiday Books, graded to suit all ages, now ready. Free to agents who send 35 cents to pay postage. Why not send 50 cents for both outfits and full selling instructions? Big Profits. Noble business.

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Western Remedy Co. "A" 1360 Wells St. Chicago, Ill.

LEAVES HIM, KEEPS LOVE

Wife Still Much Admired by Washington Minister.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 16.—Forced to abandon for a while at least his clerical career to accept a position in the congressional library because of his marital troubles, the Rev. George Brodthage, D. D., Ph. D., whose wife yesterday got a divorce at Reno, still loves the woman who married him 18 years ago.

Dr. Brodthage, for years pastor of St. John's Lutheran church of this city, was not recalled when his contract expired last August. He is now employed in the catalogue division of the congressional library.

"She was too fine a lady for her surroundings here," said Dr. Brodthage last night.

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REJOICE OVER GROWTH

Cleveland Citizens Celebrate Following Census Announcement.

Cleveland, Sept. 16.—Cleveland celebrated the highly pleasing census returns and the clinching of the hold upon seventh place in the list of American cities with a monster outpouring on the Public Square last night. Speeches in which strong appeal was made to civic pride and patriotism were delivered by Mayor Baehr and half a dozen other city and county officials. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people heard these addresses and a concert by the Great Western band.

The gathering was entirely spontaneous. Not until Mayor Baehr gave the word for preparations for a band concert was anything definitely planned. A band stand, which later was utilized by the speakers as well, was erected on the northwest corner of the square. It was decorated with flags and bunting and two big placards, in which were shown the figures of the city's growth since 1830, by decades, one of them bearing Cleveland's new slogan, "One Million in 1920."

While Cleveland, with its 560,663 census returns announced yesterday, easily outstripped all other Ohio cities the last decade, the prospects are she will make even a better showing in the next 10 years. Proposed annexation of Lakewood and East Cleveland will speedily bring the population up to 600,000, which would overtop Baltimore and land the city safely in sixth place, unless the Maryland city has made greater strides than any suspect. Baltimore is expected to exceed the Cleveland figures but little, if at all.

May Overtake Other Cities.

Should Cleveland continue to grow for the next 10 years at the rate maintained in the last 10, the city will have passed both St. Louis and Boston in 1920 and taken fourth place unless both thoes cities show a better rate of gain for the decade just ended. If the three cities maintain their respective percentage of increase for another 10 years, Cleveland would show in 1920 a population of 823,200, St. Louis would have 820,312 and Boston 802,019.

When the news came that Cleveland's population was 560,663 there were plenty of reasons offered why the city had measured up to its new standard. A decade ago there were 2,927 manufacturing plants here. Now there are 3,875, and most of them larger than ever. Postoffice receipts in 10 years have grown 175 per cent. Capital in manufacturing plants has increased 105 per cent.

Cleveland's growth has been steady, as the new census figpres indicate. It was 46.1 per cent. 10 years ago. It was 46.9 per cent this year. That this ratio of growth will increase in the next 10 years is the general opinion of those qualified to know.

Mayor Baehr last night declared that a decade hence Cleveland should have a population of 850,000 at the very least and he hoped for a million. Other public officials and leading citizens are equally optimistic that the future has nothing but prosperity and success for Cleveland.

MIDAIR RINGING AWES FOLK

Enumclaw, Wash., Sept. 16.—Mischievous boys tied a small cow bell to the neck of an eaglet which they found entangled in a fish net and set it free near Enumclaw. The young bird circled in the air and flew from the hills to the lake shore in efforts to dislodge the ringing bell, but in vain.

Meanwhile farmers, ranchers and townspeople in settlements beneath the bird were startled because of the strange ringing of the bell. Many who did not see the eaglet vowed that an aeroplane had passed through the higher altitudes of the air and the bell was from the airship. When the boys related their joke on the young bird the truth became known. It was generally observed that the bell hanging from the neck of the bird frightened dozens of eagles from their lookouts in the crags of the Cascades and they flew through the air above the tall trees screaming wildly, finally chasing and capturing the young bird.

TO OPEN WAY TO TRADE

U. S. Representatives and Those of Dominion Are to Arrange Reciprocity.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 15.—Negotiations for the arrangement of a reciprocity agreement between the United States and Canada will be opened next month. It was learned in Beverly yesterday that the British ambassador, Mr. Bryce, has assented to the negotiations being carried on directly between Canada and the United States without the formality of being conducted through the British embassy.

The details of the negotiations have not been arranged as yet, but it is the hope of President Taft that before the end of October the representatives of both countries will be able to come together. Whether the United States will send delegates to Canada or Canada send its representatives to Washington is not yet known. Neither is it known whether any agreement that may be reached will be made effective by concurrent legislation or by treaty.

Premier Favors It.

The Canadian premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has declared in favor of the proposed agreement, and it is felt here that the negotiations will be carried through to a satisfactory conclusion.

President Taft's policy regarding rivers and harbors will be outlined on Tuesday in the only speech he will make during his trip to Ohio. The President will deliver this speech at the opening of a dam which has been constructed near Cincinnati, in connection with a project for improving the Ohio river.

During his four days' stay in Cincinnati the President will see a number of Ohio Republican party leaders. He will visit the Cincinnati exposition, but will make no speeches except the one at the opening of the Ohio river dam. The President's visit to Cincinnati will be primarily for the purpose of looking after some purely personal matters and he wishes to be allowed the rest and privacy of a private citizen.

Mrs. Taft's callers yesterday included Senator Foster, of Louisiana, who came to present the claims of New Orleans to the Panama exposition; Hon. H. McKenzie, minister of lands of Victoria, Australia, who is investigating irrigation and reclamation work in the United States; President Thirkield, of Howard university, Washington; Dr. Knox, of the American Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality, and C. T. Searl, of Boston.

NEVER KISSED GIRL, BUT WILL

New York, Sept. 16.—Olin W. Hill, secretary of the Carnegie Safe Deposit Co., 115 Broadway, over 40 years old, handsome, well groomed and bearing all outward marks of a man about town, even to the iron-gray hair, announced yesterday that never in his life has he kissed a girl or proposed marriage until a week ago. He reticently admitted, however, that he is now engaged, and that he will become a benedict, move to Washington Heights and live in a flat after October 1.

"The young woman who has consented to grant me this honor," he said, "is Miss Martha Brown, daughter of Mrs. Slater Brown, of Seattle. She is now in New York purchasing her trousseau and expecting her mother shortly.

"By an odd coincidence Miss Brown's name is similar to that of a stenographer in this office. But, though I respect Miss Brown, the stenographer here, I never did love her. It has been stated that I have been in love with another stenographer here, but such is not the case.

"I have not been in love with any woman, never kissed a woman or even thought of proposing," he added.

AGENTS

HERE'S THE BIGGEST SNAP YET! DON'T PASS IT!

You can easily sell our Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waists, Dress Skirts, Battenberg, Petticoats, Underwear, etc., at half merchants' prices. Your credit is good. Free sample outfit—no deposit. Biggest commissions. Exclusive territory. Write today for big free catalog No. 210 and samples. SCHWARTZ IMPORTING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WARREN G. HARDING OPENS OHIO CAMPAIGN

Republican Candidate Discusses Live Issues in Keynote Address at Kenton.

STANDING pat is contradicted by every glorious chapter of fifty years of marvelous American history.

So declared Warren G. Harding, Republican nominee for governor, at the state campaign meeting at Kenton Saturday afternoon. Before launching into general discussion of national and state issues, Mr. Harding made it clear that he is a progressive Republican and wants to keep abreast with the spirit of his party. His speech, in part, was as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Three things are so manifestly true and so gratifying to American pride that no contention is required to prove them. First, this new-world republic is the industrial and commercial marvel of the earth; second, we have the best rewarded farmers, the best paid laborers and the most profitable producing in the entire field of human endeavor, along with the highest standard of living in all the world; third, inseparable and the natural result of the first two, we are developing, prospering and progressing as no other nation ever experienced, and exceeding the dreams of the optimists of 30 years ago.

In deliberate and appreciative retrospection and gratifying contemplation, the American who fails to see a progressive Republican party is blind to the irresistible onward movement and deaf to the triumphant shouts of the all-conquering American people. Why, my countrymen, it is no disparagement of the best intent of any political party to say that the Republican party in 1910 reflects the best conscience of the best civilization the world has ever witnessed. Our party represents that conscience because we are the political sponsors for the things accomplished. The Republican party has not dreamed, it has realized. It has not obstructed, it has constructed. It has not pretended, it has performed. It has not defended, it has commended. It has not halted or faltered, it has attained and sustained. It has pride in things done—the highest reward of worthy endeavor. It has faith in the present, founded on works that sustains every rational hope of the future.

We have heard a great deal lately about various kinds of Republicans. Speaking for myself, I do not care for classifying or descriptive terms. Before conventions are held and platforms are made and tickets named, there is no serious objection to varied and specific appellations. Out of agitation, contention and individual plans and proposals must come the threads which the party weaves into the fabric of expressed Republican faith; then we all become just plain and loyal Republicans, with room in our ranks for every citizen who believes in our expression of faith. And it always will be so, if we are to preserve this best and sanest of all popular government through political parties. There is no other way. Party enunciation is the harmonized will of the majority. When that ceases to be a safe and acceptable plan, popular government will totter to its ultimate ruin.

Progressive Party.

Ours is a progressive political army, planting new standards of victorious progress every year, everywhere old glory is unfurled. Nobody is "standing pat," if that means standing still. Nobody is "standing pat," if that means bluff or pretense. "Standing pat" is contradicted by every glorious chapter of 50 years of marvellous American history. At the same time, the rightfully applauded American progression is Republican, just as the country's rescue from blight and distress by William McKinley was Republican; just as the wholesome awakening of the restored country by Theodore Roosevelt was Republican; just as the honest continuation and consecration of William H. Taft is Republican. Party responsibilty is stamped upon every policy, consequential or otherwise, that concerns the American people. And party sponsorship will blaze every path for our continued American progress.

As a Republican candidate I want to be abreast with the best progressive spirit of the state and nation, because I believe our party the best responsible exponent of that progression. Somehow, nobody ever associates the Democratic party with this question of progress. Nothing seems to be expected of the Democratic party.

Republican legislation and administration have kept Ohio in the very front rank of the incomparable sisterhood of states, accomplishing so notably and so satisfactorily that a boasted and boasting Democratic state administration of today has done nothing new or worth while, certainly nothing to inspire a public's approval at the polls. The revelation of graft is of legislative rather than executive sponsorship, and the punishment meted out is contemporaneous with rather than contributed by a Democratic administration. We may all rejoice in the accomplishment, but any Democratic claim of special virtue, intended or enacted, is canceled by the state renomination of a Democratic offender exposed by the probe.

And right here I want to resent the mendacious charge in the Democratic platform of Ohio that the Republican party shielded and defended grafters. If "guilt is personal," then crime is individual. The thieves and grafters, big or little, who cloaked themselves in Republican or Democratic respectability, were traitors to the party that honored them, as well as the people who trusted them.

(After a lengthy discussion of state issues Mr. Harding paid tribute to Taft administration and gave attention to the tariff.)

Taft and Economy.

Some one has said that government is a business and ought to be conducted just as successful business is conducted. A striking illustration comes to mind. There has been little boasting and less publicity, but President Taft directed his heads of departments to apply strict business methods to the mounting cost of federal administration, and the Metropolitan magazine for September, in detailing the simplified and modernized methods and determined application of the business policy, says that the Taft administration will save the American people the unbelievable total of over $100,000,000 per year. Why, men, that is as much as the mineral wealth of Alaska that stirred most of the conversation about conservation. The mere mention is made to suggest some of the accomplishments of the Taft administration, which I believe will come to stand without an equal for promises fulfilled, pledges performed, reforms established and real progress recorded.

The Tariff.

There is one abiding dispute, and it is involved in this campaign, because of congressional elections, and the permanent difference between two great political parties. The Republican party believes in the protective tariff policy, and Democracy opposes. The Democratic leader in Ohio aspires to lead in the nation, and is committed to assault the protective policy that is the first essential to our industrial supremacy and the strongest guaranty of American prosperity. It is especially an issue in Ohio because the undeniable unrest of the passing day is largely due to a misunderstanding of the late tariff enactment and the confused notion of its responsibility for the higher cost of living. Let us hope that the people of Ohio will vote in fullest understanding, rather than blunder in haste and come to repentance as they did in 1894. Higher prices are inseparable from prosperity, and bear the proof of a people's capacityity to buy. Men of 16 years of recollection will recall the prevalence of low prices, under Democratic tariff legislation of the second Cleveland administration, and will testify that this American people staggered under depression, because nobody had the capacity to buy. The experience of the early nineties when we experienced the blight of industrial paralysis, was only a repetition of every other attempt, since 1820, to apply the Democratic tariff-for-revenue policy to American economics. If in 1910 or 1912 the voters of America disregard every warning of experience, and every admonition of suffering, the penalty will be paid in the same old way.

The Republican party does not claim ever to have enacted a perfect tariff law. Every tariff enactment in a hundred years has been marred by the selfishness of greedy consumer or designing importer, because of the prevailing legislative methods. But we do claim that Republican protective enactments have blessed the nation, where Democratic revision has invariably blighted. And we have strided forward, under the last enactment to the first rout of selfishness, and toward scientific understanding, and the triumphant leader is William H. Taft. In spite of Democratic opposition, oratorical and recorded, a Republican congress has provided a tariff commission, which is to disinterestedly acquire unbiased, dependable information, on which to base future tariff schedules, so that we may maintain American production at the higher standard of American wage, and at the same time protect the American consumer. It is the Republican policy to do more than protect the consumer; under the policy of protection we make American producers. One must produce before he can consume, and the protective plan is to make the best producers in the world, then mutualize the interests of producer and consumer. Official reports show that under the last tariff enactment we have come to import more than one and a half billions per year. This approximates one-twelfth of American consumption. Suppose our tariffs, in this unthinking pursuit of cheapness, would encourage these imports to treble that sum, what think you would become of the American producer? We should acquire cheapness at the cost of paralysis.

Keep the House Clean.

I promise the incoming Republican administration will keep the house clean. But there is more involved in this election than the general assembly and governship of Ohio. The citizenship of this state is to speak its approval or disapproval of the trend of the nation. We are to say whether we are for the scientific adjustment of the tariff schedules and the unwavering maintenance of the protective policy or countenance the Democratic proposals to destroy. We are to say whether Ohio appreciates and approves the fulfilled pledges and unparalleled accomplishments of an honored son of this state, whose solutions of the problems of peace surpass, in public good, the glorious triumphs of war. We are to speak the popular judgment of one of the foremost states in the union, whether the American tendency is right and accomplishment real, or whether there is need for the chastening of Democratic ascendancy to renew our faith. In the convictions of recollections, in the appreciation of Republican performance, and in the confidence in Republican promises, let us look confidently to the expression of the people in November. Let us only go on!

GET GAMBLERS IN RAID

New York Police Batter Down Doors.

New York, Sept. 17.—Battering in windows and reinforced doors, policemen, led by Chief Inspector Schmittberger, yesterday afternoon raided a gambling house on West Forty-fifth street, opposite the Hotel Astor. There were more than 200 brokers, lawyers and men-about-town in the place. Five men were arrested charged with aiding and abetting gambling.

The raiders, under the orders of Police Commissioner Baker, worked so quickly that it was not until several thousand people choked the street between Broadway and Eighth avenue, that Capt. Thomas Palmer, of the West Forty-seventh street station, and his superior, Inspector Smiling Dick Walsh, knew of the onslaught.

As the raiders piled through the windows a squad of mounted policemen galloped into West Forty-fifth street from Broadway. The horses broke a lane through the crowd and three police patrol wagons were backed in front of the door to transport costly double-end roulette wheels, poker tables and elaborate gaming paraphernalia, including three bushel baskets full of poker chips, to police headquarters.

Ordered Place Suppressed.

It was less than three weeks ago that Commissioner Baker ordered the place suppressed. He selected Inspector Schmittberger and two lieutenants to carry out his plan. Edward Murphy and James Cody, policemen who have the appearance of college students, were chosen to get the evidence. They were assisted later by Policemen James Dunn, also a member of the "boy squad."

On the first floor 185 men were cooped up by the police and the faro room on the second floor held 50 well dressed men. Beside the gaming tables stood a buffet, from which porters had been serving wines and cigars. When windows and doors fell before the axes the porters led patrons to the fire escapes, but there they faced a score of policemen with drawn revolvers.

"We only want the principals; don't try to escape, shouted Schmittberger. Then he set to work sorting out the five men for whom he had "John Doe" warrants.

DAHLMAN AHEAD IN RECOUNT

Omaha Mayor Still Leads in Gubernatorial Primary Vote.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 16.—The recount of the Democratic vote for governor in Douglas county at the recent primaries was completed yesterday, giving Governor Shallenberger a net gain of 83, but still leaving Mayor Dahlman a majority of more than 200.

After the recount was completed, representatives of Governor Shallenberger served a formal demand on the canvassing board that about 800 votes be thrown out on account of alleged irregularities.

It is not yet announced whether the governor will appeal to the courts.

PUZZLED

Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children.

Children's taste is ofttimes more accurate in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.

A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on.

"One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner.

"The difference in his appearance was something wonderful.

"My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has been much improved in health since using it.

"We are now a healthy family and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts.

"A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment, and the result was almost magical.

"They continued the food, and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts, for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."— Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 6997 Bank building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

FATALITY IN RACE WAR

Negro Shoots Two When Family Is Stoned.

Pomeroy, Sept. 16.—Syracuse, a village of 1,000 inhabitants five miles from here, which in seventy-five years of its existence has never permitted but one negro family to live there, is to the front with a tragedy growing out of the people's antipathy to the negro race.

Wednesday night a family of negroes landed from a steamboat with their household goods. Boys and young men of the village began to stone the newcomers. The head of the family snatched a shotgun from among his belongings and ran to the top of the bank and fired at the first person he saw.

Walter Duckworth, a baseball player, and George Roush, a young school teacher, who were passing, received the full load of shot at short range. Sixty shot pierced the body of young Duckworth and he was probably fatally injured. Six shots entered Roush's face and neck, inflicting serious wounds.

Two of the negro family are in jail here, but the one who did the shooting escaped to the West Virginia hills, where he is being hunted by armed officers.

HAVE DYSPEPSIA? EAT SAND

Boston Man Has New Idea for Stomach Trouble.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 19.—"Common sand, sterilized properly, is a better remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion troubles than any medicine. It is the means of digestion of many animals, so why not a man also?" says William A. Graustein, a wealthy milk dealer of Boston.

"Many years ago I used to sit at my desk, incapable of work, dopy and dull. A physician suggested that I swallow a spoonful of sand three times a day until my attacks passed away. I tried the experiment, and it worked. Within two months I was cured. Today, within 10 minutes after eating a spoonful, I am capable of any work, and I think I work harder than any man in the United States.

"I have passed on the suggestion to any number of friends, and the remedy has been infallible. If you suffer from inability to digest food, sterilize a handful of building sand, take a teaspoonful three times daily, and within two weeks you will be a new man.

"The solution is simple. If the stomach is not in perfect order, its lining is covered with a substance that prevents the digestive juices from permeating the lining to do their work. The sand acts simply as a scourer."

GRASSHOPPER STEALS DOLLAR

Bug Is Caught With the Goods as It Jumps Away.

New York, Sept. 16.—Inside the ticket agent's little cage at Tower Hill, Port Richmond, Mrs. Ellen Decker was selling tickets for the Staten Island Rapid Transit railroad when a man gave her a dollar bill, which she placed on a shelf at her elbow.

She missed the bill after the train had gone, and failing to find it inside the cage, she began a search outside. On the station floor she saw a grasshopper with the edge of the bill in its mouth.

It was jumping way with the loot, but the bill, being somewhat cumbersome, caused it to totter on its side, and Mrs. Decker caught it with the goods.

Nobody has been able to figure out what the grasshopper wanted with the money, but there is no doubt of the truth of the story, for Mrs. Decker has both the grasshopper and the dollar bill, and can point out on the floor the exact spot where the robber was captured.

HONDURANS SHRED FLAG

Fleeing American Tells of Acts of Violence.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 17.—H. O. Downing, an American railroad engineer, who left Honduras about three weeks ago (before the latest reported insurrection) has arrived here after a series of thrilling experiences.

Downing says he and another American, Captain E. F. Miller, were living near the government barracks at Laguna. The night that General Marin started his end of the recent successful Bonilla revolution prematurely they were charged upon by government troops and fired upon.

They finally succeeded in entering the house of a Mr. Van Blarcum. Here they were kept prisoners for 16 days, the house surrounded by troops before the American vice consul procured bond for them.

Later in their absence they were convicted by a court of being revolutionists and but for the firmness of Mr. Van Blarcum in refusing to give them up, probably would have been executed. Finally, ascertaining the sailing time of the steamship Hiram, and having secured passage, they stole a switch engine and rode it to the port at the other end of town where they got aboard, Miller going to British Honduras, while Downing came to New Orleans, enroute to his home at Salem, Oregon.

Mr. Downing says those in authority at Puerto Cortez are all anti-American and the house of Miller, on which the American flag was raised, was looted by the soldiers and the flag cut to shreds.

GUESTS PULL BRIDAL COACH

Unhitch Horses and Conduct the Wedding Party.

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 17.—Twenty friends took the place of horses and drew the bridal coach that started William J. Cuneo and his bride on their honeymoon trip at Danbury. She was Miss Mary Isabel Cassaca.

The wedding took place in St. Joseph's church and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, which hundreds of friends attended. Before train time the carriage was brought around for the newlyweds, the horses unhitched, and friends started the procession that went through a mile of streets to the railroad station.

All the guests formed in line behind the carriage and followed it to the train.

LORIMER MEN WIN

Boutelle Declares He Will Run Independently to Beat Progressive.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Congressman Henry Sherman Boutelle, who was defeated by nearly 1,000 votes in yesterday's primaries by F. H. Gansbergen, who proclaims himself a progressive Republican, stated today that he will run independently. Tomorrow Mr. Boutelle will leave here for Washington and, it is believed, for Beverly also.

"I will run independently and beat my rivals on the simple principles of responsible representative government," said Mr. Boutelle. "I place no reliance in direct primaries. In my district less than one-third of the Republican voters went to the polls. Pure democracy always has been a failure. The initiative and referendum, direct vote for senators—these are vagaries. The idea of 100,000,000 people trying to legislate directly on subjects that individually they do not understand.

"The only thing that might make me hesitate to run is that I am a party man. I am willing to accede to the wishes of my party when they are honestly expressed. Yesterday they were not honestly expressed. The voters were misled by the statements of hired professional liars."

The congressman said he had received telegrams from 113 constituents asking him to stay in the race.

Insurgents Win Three Districts.

Insurgents were victorious in three out of the twenty-five congressional districts of Illinois in the primary election yesterday.

Of the standpatters Boutelle was defeated in the ninth. Those renominated were: Martin B. Madden, First; James R. Mann, Second; William W. Wilson, Third; William J. Moxley, Sixth; Fred Lundin, Seventh; George E. Foss, Tenth; Joseph G. Cannon, Eighteenth.

Henry S. Boutelle, standpatter Republican, who has represented the ninth, a Chicago district, in congress for twelve years, was defeated by Frederick H. Gansbergen, who conducted his campaign on an out and out insurgent platform. Gansbergen was supported by the regular Republican organization.

Gansbergen's vote was 3,584, while that of Boutelle was 2,598. Arthur West, the third candidate, received 1,134 votes. In the eleventh district, Colonel Ira C. Copley, the first man in Illinois to come out as an insurgent candidate, won the Republican nomination over George W. Conn, who classed himself as a progressive conservative. The seat now is occupied by Howard M. Snapp, a standpatter.

Col. Copley carried the district by 468 votes, according to the latest figures.

McKenzie Beats Tiffany.

John C. McKenzie, secured the Republican nomination in the thirteenth district after a spirited contest with R. F. Tiffany, both McKenzie and Tiffany denied affiliation with standpatters, McKenzie making his campaign as a progressive while Tiffany exhibited slightly more radical views and called himself an insurgent.

Congressman Frank O. Lowden, the present representative from this district, has been aligned with the regulars and the election of either McKenzie or Tiffany would have been a gain for the progressives.

George Edmund Foss, standpatter and head of the naval affairs of the house, won the Republican nomination in the tenth district by about 500 votes after a hard contest in which he was opposed by George P. Englehard and Frederick C. Delang, insurgents.

Cannon Wins Easily.

In the second district, J. R. Mann, chairman of the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce, received more votes than the combined vote of his two insurgent opponents. Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, was renominated in the eighteenth district by a majority close to 6,000. He was opposed by Henry B. Downs, an insurgent of his own city.

Lee O'Neil Browne, the minority leader in the lower house of the Illinois legislature, who was recently acquitted of a charge of bribery in connection with the election of United States Senator William Lorimer, was renominated for representative in LaSalle county by a large majority.

Out of thirty-two Democrats in the last legislature who voted for William Lorimer for senator, twenty-two were renominated yesterday.

Senator John Broderick, of Chicago, also indicted on a charge of bribery at Springfield, and Robert E. Wilson, of Chicago, charged with perjury in connection with the alleged St. Louis "jackpot" were also renominated.

WOMAN SMASHES AEROPLANE

She Is One of First in Country to Have Accident.

Mineola, L. I., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Raische, wife of the head of an aeroplane company, had the distinction today of giving the first aeroplane smashup engineered by a woman at the aviation grounds here, and possibly in the country.

Mrs. Raische came out on the field this morning for her initial try, which, with beginners, consists of what is known as "grass cutting," or skimming the field. She had gone perhaps a mile when suddenly she ran into a depression, and came to grief in approved fashion.

The nose of the machine was jammed into the ground, smashing the forward control. Mrs. Raische was thrown out, the machine falling on top of her.

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Every Woman Glad who sends 2c stamp for our Illustrated Catalog of Rubber Goods, Toilet Necessities, Drugs, etc. WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 40, Chicago

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MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314, R. B., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ill.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID Send us your song poems for examination and offer H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. Dept. 209, Washington, D.C.

HEIRS Wanted at once. 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in free booklet 14. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

IF YOU ARE SICK OR AILING and have failed to find relief, write to me at once. Give name, age, sex, color of hair and eyes, most troublesome symptoms, 4c postage. Address Dr. J. C. Batdorf, Diag., X. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED?—Matrimonial paper containing hundreds advertisements marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, mailed sealed free. D. G. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

FREE—A 25-cent book of assorted hand sewing needles given free with a 10-cent package of Washeasy, which washes clothes clean without rubbing, if you send 10c. today and 8c. for postage. Washeasy Co., 4 Geiger Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W-G 174, Chicago.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

10 Washington post cards of government buildings and places of national interest for 10c. Catalogue free. W. T. Board Co., 1914 14th, Washington, D.C.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD—Past and future, love, marriage, business, etc. Send birthdate and 6c. Charles Guy, Box 106 Longueuil, P. Que.

LADIES—"Listen," the secret toilet formula you want; safe, harmless; sent sealed 20c "silver." Desk H, Lock Box 1, Greenfield, Ind.

FUTURE—I predict love, business success or trouble, birthdate & 25c. Prof. T. Rhaphel, Binghamton, N. Y.

WOMAN HIDES $10,000 IN GEMS

Customs Officials Find Many Pearls in Search.

New York, Sept. 16.—Jewels which the customs authorities roughly appraised at $10,000 were taken last night from Mrs. M. L. Morganthau, the wife of a wealthy candy manufacturer of this city, who was a returning passenger on the Mauretania.

Mr. Morganthau declared dutiable wearing apparel to the amount of $700 in behalf of his wife and two daughters. Their trunks were searched nothwithstanding, and the disclosures then made resulted in a whispered consultation between the Morganthaus and customs authorities which resulted in raising the declaration to $2,100.

Still the inspectors were not satisfied. They searched Mrs. Morganthau and found two pearl necklaces and a rope of pearls with a diamond pendant.

College Indians.

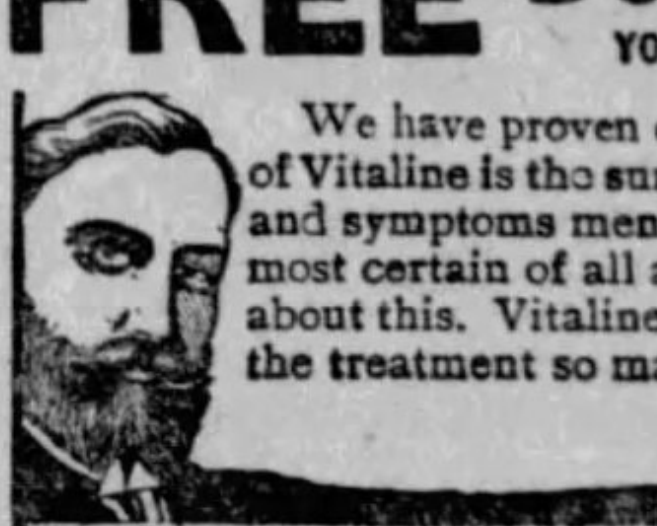
Yonkers Statesman.

Redd—"Canada has 100,000 Indians among her population of 60,000,000."

Greene—"Is that a fact? Why, I didn't know they had many colleges up there."

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline tablets will easily overcome it—they will not fail nor disappoint you.

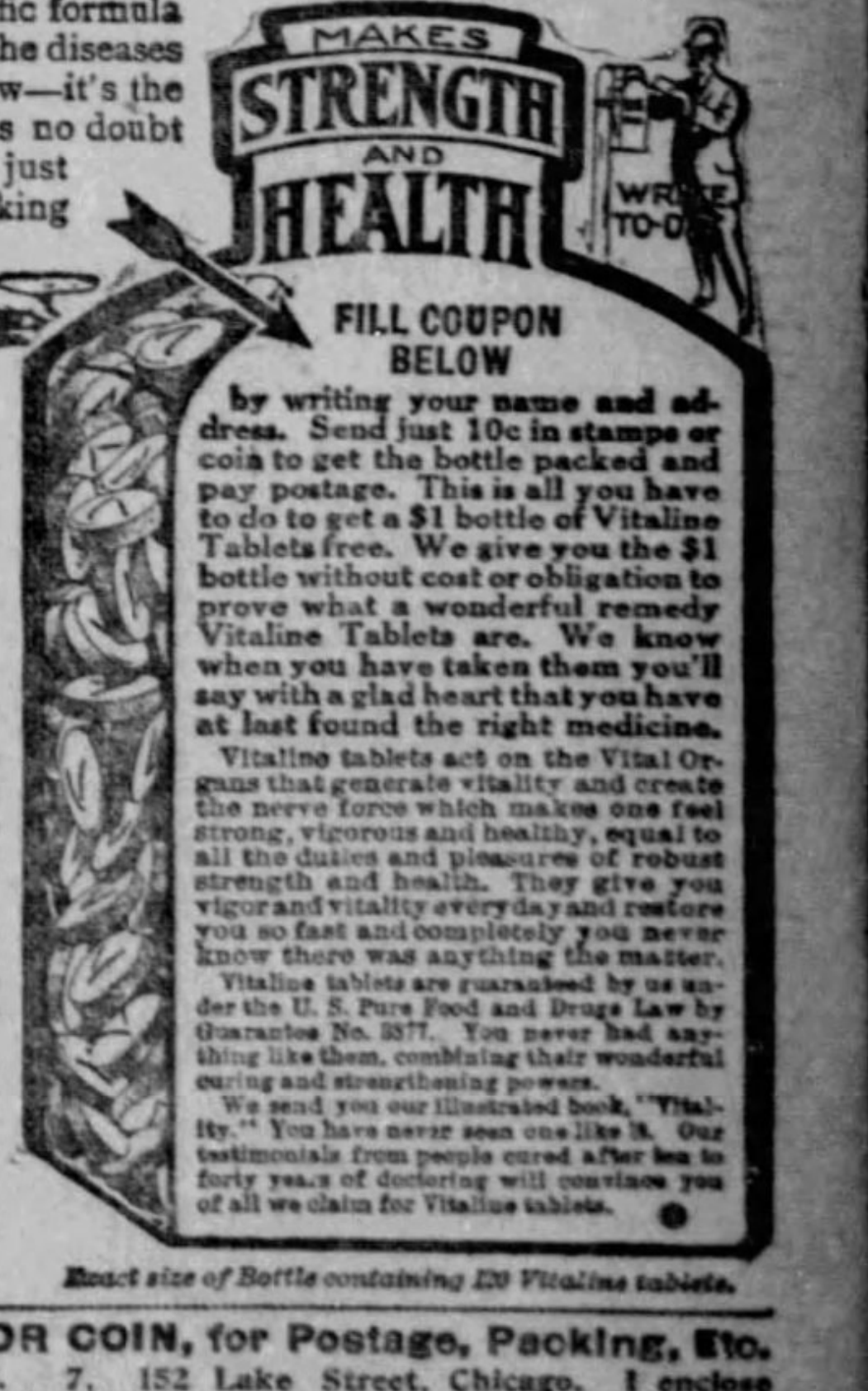
NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.



FILL COUPON BELOW by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a $1 bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter. Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3377. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers. We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc.

AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 7, 152 Lake Street, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

WHY NOT BE IT?

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE OTHER day I chanced to see this line: "Politeness—a valuable business asset."

I added to it this: "And it need not cost you a cent."

Beyond a question, politeness is a valuable asset in the business world—on both sides of the counter. It is of as much value, also, at home and abroad; and it is of especial value for daily use in the family. The word politeness is elastic. It means kindness, thoughtfulness for others, courtesy, cheerfulness, and pleasant ways of saying "hail and farewell," when we meet or part with one another.

You do not have to know rules of etiquette in order to be polite. You do not have to know the forms and customs of fashionable society in order to be polite; but you do have to treat others as you would be treated yourself, if you wish to belong to the order of polite manners.

Rudeness never gets you anywhere or anything. Brute force, the power of might, may win for a time, but not for always. Those who are thus winners are invariably the target for ugly feelings.

Where is the good in sour looks and gruff speech? Where is the good in being so absorbed in what you are doing that you have no smile or word of greeting for those with whom you come in contact? Where is the good in being a dreaded or hated presence, instead of one that is loved and welcomed?

Everyone, no matter how poor, no matter how humble, no matter how rich, no matter how exalted, may have the gift of politeness if he will. It is something which may be universal, but these things stand in its way: Indulging in dark moods and bad tempers; practicing it only when it is deemed necessary, and being so absorbed in self that one has neither eyes to see nor ears to hear any other.

There is an idea, altogether too prevalent, that good manners are something not for everyday wearing. They are put in the category with dress-up clothes, to be worn only on dress-up occasions, and to be cast aside when the dress-up occasion is over. According to my way of thinking, every day should be a dress-up occasion so far as personal appearance and good manners are concerned. I know it is not possible for everyone to wear his "gladdest rags" all of the time, but it is possible to always be wearing glad manners, no matter how poor may be the clothing.

Politeness, like pluck, is a sure winner. It makes the world turn its best side to you, because you are turning your best side to the world. Like begets like, you know, and even if there are times when your politeness does not seem to meet its kin folk, go your way serenely. You have done what you could. It was right, and if persisted in, some day it will win.

You can say "good morning," and "thank you," and "please," and words to that effect as you go your way, wherever your way may be, or whither it may lead. In your home, among those who are your daily companions; with those you chance to meet, politeness is never wasted. It is a civilizer, a softener, a stiller of troubled waters and a calmer of turbulent feelings, because, as previously written, it means kindness, thoughtfulness, courtesy and cheerfulness.

There is none who is not the better for saying, or having said to him, a pleasant "good morning." It gives a sort of push and swing to the wheels of a new day, that help to start them in harmonious motion.

"I'm too busy to be polite," is the general excuse for bad manners among those who are workers.

"They have to put up with me, whether they like what I do or not," is the unspoken thought with those who think "home folks don't count."

Home folks, our daily associates, count more than any other. If we are not on good terms with these, if we do not treat them as we would be treated, there is no other place or people where we may hope to find contentment and happiness.

The casual acquaintance to whom we think we must be polite is of no importance, compared to those with whom we live; to those with whom we work. Then why give to the casual acquaintance our best manners?

It is not smart, kind or clever to be ill-mannered. It never hurt anyone or anything, or stopped the wheels of industry to give pleasant greeting and kindly treatment.

Politeness is a valuable asset in very walk in life, and it need not cost a cent.

Well, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

COUNT your blessings, instead of your afflictions.

Sunshine and fresh air are good for whatever may ail you. Soak up all you can.

When you wear a smiling face, the world smiles back at you.

Banish every unkind thought from your mind, if you want to be happy.

Prayers will avail you nothing, if you are not at peace with your fellow men.

Never teach from theory. Wait until you have had practice in what you preach.

Many a time I have told you, that most of our troubles we make for ourselves. Forget to blame the other fellow. Look to see where you may be wrong, and then,—mend your ways.

Though the dust of time may outwardly stain you, there always may be youth in your heart.

Be loyal, be faithful, be true, no matter what happens to you.

When anyone tells you there are no all-right people in the world, don't you believe it.

Too many children are suffering from the sins of commission committed by their parents.

Those who never forgive are those who are most selfish.

Now is the time to make peace, if you are at war with any human being.

It is never too late to make a fresh start.

When you get that lonesome feeling, do something for somebody else. There is always some one who needs a little attention or a word of cheer.

Those who are condemned as "hopeless cases," are the ones who are most in need of friendship and love.

Keep healthy minded and you will not have many physical ills.

Well, here's good luck to you, whoever you are or wherever you may be.

COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

MAN-BEING WANTS HELP

Dear Friends:—As you are not hostile to the men, I am going to write a few lines. Perhaps you may think I have a selfish motive in writing, before you get through reading this, but there is always some one who is willing and able to give suggestions that are of great benefit. You may smile when I say that I always read the letters on the Household page, and I am a pretty, busy man, too. Many of the letters are a comfort to me, and all of them have some elevating thought and good cheer. Long live The Blade and its readers.

Perhaps a few lines about the oil industry may be interesting to some of you. Lawrence county, Illinois, is proving one of the richest counties in oil, in the state. There are four separate pays, approximately, 1,000, 1,350, 1,600 and 1,900 feet deep. There has been one well drilled over 2,500 feet but no oil yet. This well will be drilled to 3,000 feet if possible, if oil is not found sooner, in the hope of striking another pay, or oil-bearing sand.

There is always gas where there is oil; not always in the same well, but in the vicinity. Drilling for oil is expensive, costing from $2,000 to $10,000 or more, according to depth or luck. The well must be cased from the top of the ground, each time a flow of salt water is encountered, always beginning the new, or latest casing, inside of the former string. Thus a well may be cased with all sizes of casing, from 16-inch, down to the smallest, but from the top of the ground only, the outer casing going down only as far as each succeeding flow of water.

As my letter is getting lengthy, perhaps I had better ring off the oil question and ask some suggestions for a quick and substantial lunch. My little girl and boy go to school all the time and must get their own meals, and I would like for some of the lady readers to send, through The Blade, some suggestions how to cook dishes that would be good warmed at noon, or some kind of quick salads, puddings, or other good and nourishing dishes that can be prepared so they will be good warmed over, if there are any. Of course there are always steak, eggs, fried potatoes and beans, but they get old.

It seems hard to find good girls and we are going to try to do our own work. Any suggestions for quick easy-prepared dishes might be of interest to others, too. Please make them plain, for sometimes a man cannot make a dish when he has the receipt right before him, while a woman could read it over once and go and make it. I suppose it is because a man's head is so thick.—Widower from Illinois.

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL

It is a beautiful morning, here in our city. There are sunshine, blue skies, green trees and lawns, flowers and everything beautiful.

Even the weekly washing hanging on the line looks good to me, for I am glad it is done and that I was able to do it myself. It is early, yet, so there will be time for some letter writing before noon. Our alarm clock rings, every morning, winter and summer, at four o'clock. That part seems almost like living on a farm doesn't it? It gives one nice long days to do things, but they are never too long for me, when I am able to work or read or practice some new music or something else. There are so many pleasant things to do if we only hunt them up. Of course we all have the unpleasant tasks too, but it makes them easier if we go right on and do what ever it is and have it done, so we do not need to worry about them.—M. E. N., Indiana.

A CHEERY VISITOR

I have enjoyed reading the letters from different parts of the state for over a year and it is a great pleasure that comes to me every Thursday. It is a much more pleasant page, now, than it was a while back. When some of us tell our troubles to this page, it makes us all feel gloomy. But we all know when we are in trouble if we could just tell it to some one, some friend who would not tell everybody about it, it would do us lots of good. I do not believe there are very many people who do not have little family troubles, because it takes a while after marriage to understand each other. How many agree with me in this? I wish everyone had as happy a home as I have We have two little girls one three, and the other 4 years, to help brighten our home, but I believe in taking the world over, there are more unhappy homes than happy ones.

I suppose the sisters of the cozy corner are busy canning fruit. This is a busy time for all housewives and after it is over, we shall have to clean house for winter. How many of you like to see winter come? I like it in certain ways, but I do have to admit that I like summer best, I cannot find enough to do in winter. Some of you tell us what you do in winter to occupy yourselves with. One reason I cannot busy myself in winter is because I do not like the house. I am like an old hen, I want to be out scratching around in the garden. I love to raise chickens and always have good luck with them, only when a dog or cat wants a feast, then I miss a chicken or two. I expect some of you will say, there is another country-jake, but I am not. I am only sorry I am not. Well, my letter is rather long so I will close. Sisters do not get too busy and let our corner grow slim. Best wishes to one and all.—A City-Country-Jake, West Virginia.

Thank you very much for the post card.—Elizabeth.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Make this a day of praise and rejoicing, of rest, and perfect peace.

MONDAY

Today I shall take up my tasks with a will. If I have nothing to do for myself, there is something I can do for others.

TUESDAY

Unless I can speak words of pleasantness and cheer, I shall try to keep silent.

WEDNESDAY

Why do I darken my days with fear of what may happen? It is only today I have to take care of.

THURSDAY

To be suspicious, is to be miserable. Therefore, I shall have faith.

FRIDAY

If I may not have what I think I should like, I shall try to like what I have. Contentment is better than riches.

SATURDAY

Whatever may have gone wrong in the week just past, I shall try to make go right in the week to come.

ELIZABETH.

WHERE COLUMBUS SAILED FROM

IN THE October number of the St. Nicholas Magazine, is a pleasant letter, descriptive of Palos, the little village in Spain, from which Columbus sailed for America four hundred and eighteen years ago. From this letter is taken the following extract and accompanying picture:

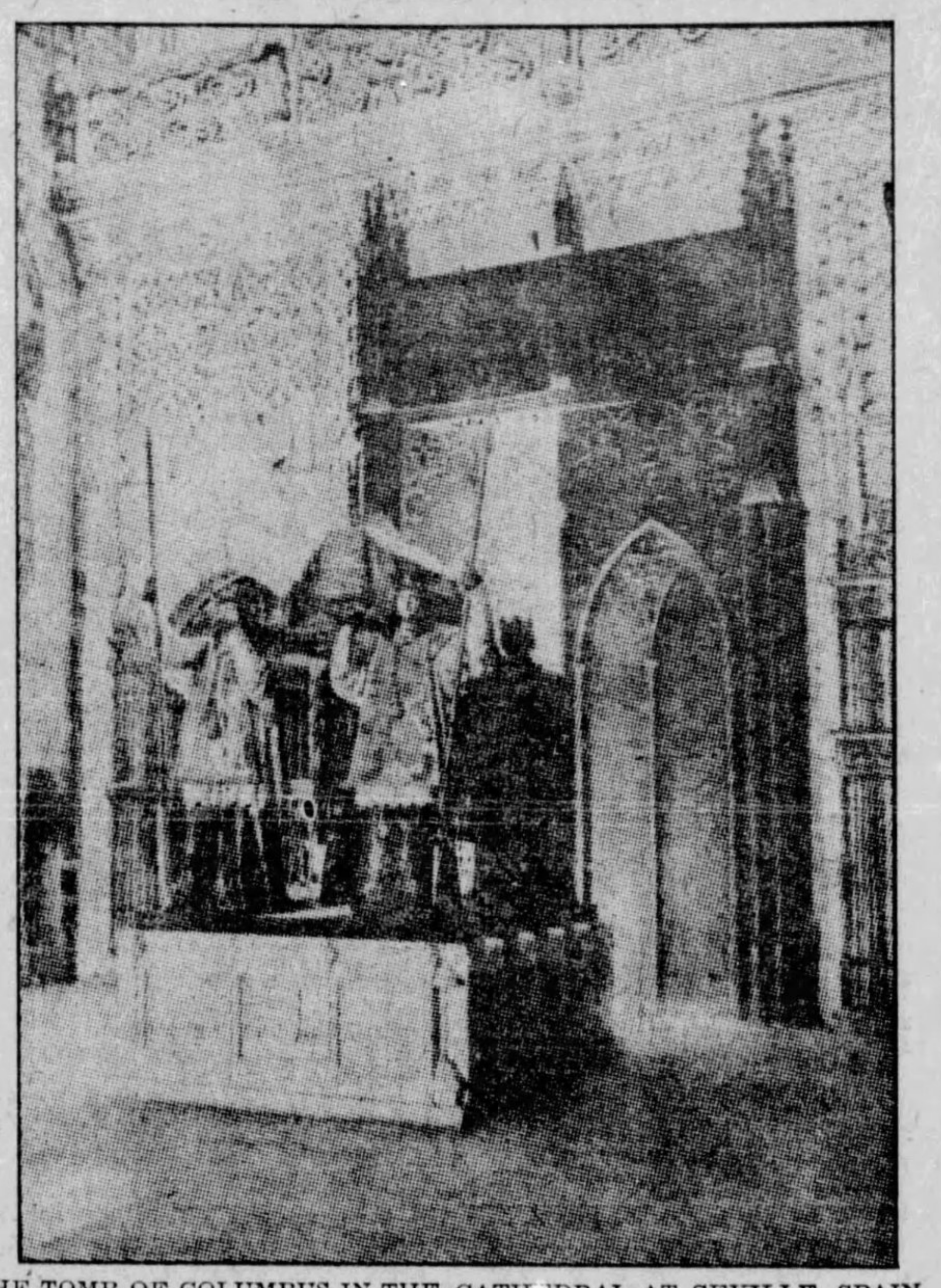
"I do not live in the village itself, but about two and a half miles from it, and quite near the old abbey, La Rabida, where Columbus once found friends and supporters who helped him to reach the queen.

The jolly, fat Franciscean friars are all gone now, but you can still enjoy the cool breezes and the fine view from the Mirador which once delighted the good monks.

The mirador is a gallery inclosed only on one side, with arched openings on the remaining three. On Sundays and feast-days, picknickers come to dance the Sevillian dances, to sing and eat, and again dance and sing in this mirador, and all the way from our house you can hear the rattling of the castanets, the clapping of the hands, and the 'Ole 'Ole! of the rollicking merrymakers.

The Mirador is not all that is left of the monastery by any means. There are a chapel, two patios or inner courts, and innumerable cells and small rooms, to say nothing of the dining-room, which is still paneled with the tiles of the period in architecture that belongs to the time immediately following the expulsion of the Moors. There is a very quaint little doorway leading into one of the patios, at which, the legend tells us, Columbus and his young son called when they were still obscure and discouraged by constant failure. On the vestibule wall you can also see the outline of the window from which one of the brothers looked out to inquire who the newcomers were. The masonry benches of the vestibule, on which the weary pair probably sat while waiting to be admitted, are still solid in spite of the many generations of Andalusians who have rested and reclined upon them in these four hundred years.

At Palos there are a few of the leading villagers who are very ambitious; they talk a great deal of the past greatness of Palos. And this enterprising group have long cherished a beautiful dream—they want to get all the American republics interested in the preservation of Palos, and to get each of them to promise that it will set up a pavilion on the road between Palos and La Rabida and establish a permanent Pan-American Exposition here, as a New World monument of the place made historic by Columbus's footprints. It is a very big dream for a little group of men, but the thought of all that was said of the Genoese wool-carder in his own day and of his final triumph, discourages the passing of hasty judgment on ambitious enterprises.


THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT SEVILLE, SPAIN.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been reading your letters with great interest, and now I have come to ask admittance in your happy circle.

I live in the extreme eastern part of Tennessee, and I will now give you a description of myself. I am five feet six inches tall, and have seen twenty-two summers. I have dark hair and eyes, and light complexion. "Goodness, some one says, "Isn't he a ghost?" I am a great lover of music, flowers and the beautiful works of nature. By profession I am an artist, and to take my brush in hand and paint the silvery streams and the great boulders that nature has planted around us, is my heart's delight.

Jennie of Michigan, I agree with you on keeping the bright side of life up and shining, for it makes those around you happy. So why not keep it shining? This old world is full of trouble and if we bring the dark side to light, what a gloomy world we are going to have and also a sad paper to read. I do not think that those who are trying to brighten life, and meet the world of cheer, would love to read a paper full of sad and heart-breaking letters. So let us all keep the bright side shining.

Well, as my letter is getting quite lengthy I will step aside and let some one else step in. And maybe some time in the future I will write and tell you of my home and the surrounding country in which I live. Hoping the M. G. R.'s a bright future, I am—A boy from Carter named Chilu, Tennessee.

Dear M. G. R's: I have been a reader of The Blade for several years. I have always wanted to write a letter, but I am afraid that I cannot write anything that will be interesting to others. But I am going to try, so here goes.

I am only a young girl of 17 summers. Perhaps some of you will say "She's only a kid." Did someone say that? Well, I don't care if you did.

I live on a farm in Pennsylvania with my parents. There is nothing I enjoy more than a walk in the woods, gathering flowers. I am also fond of reading and music. I have an organ. As my letter is growing long, I will close, hoping to see this in print. I am—Pennsylvania Kid.

Dear M. G. R's: Would you let a Florida woman join your happy circle? I live in this dear old state, called the land of flowers and alligators. We take The Blade and think it fine. I always turn to the Household Page first. How many of your housekeepers enjoy canning fruit? I do. Now this is August, the time for grapes. They grow wild here and oh, how I enjoy them.—Mrs. M. E. Cuneo, Florida.

Dear M. G. R's: Allow me, a West Virginia girl, to enter your circle. Long have I been thinking of writing, or adding a mite, but it seemed so very small, so uninteresting, that I refrained. Not until today have I had the courage to try to interest some of the many Blade readers. I am a very merry girl, looking for the bright side of everything. Sometimes I fail to find it. I am a singular sort of girl, also singular in build and shape. I am five feet seven inches in height. I weigh over 200 pounds. I have greenish-blue eyes and dark, curly auburn hair, and am fair in complexion—where there are no freckles.

I began teaching school when I was 18 years old. After teaching two winters I stopped and went to raising poultry. How many of the M. G. R.'s play the guitar and raise poultry and like it? I do, but I have been having a bit of hard luck this spring. Roup, canker and gapes have prevailed among my flock, still my hens are the admiration of the country round.

Well, I guess you know by this time I am a farmer's daughter, and I am proud of it. My home is considered pretty, after one gets in here over hills and rocks. It is situated near a very pretty little creek, which goes slipping and sliding to join the river. There are fish in it about as large as one's finger and some turtles and water snakes. When only a tiny child I used to go wading in this water, stumbling and falling many times. Although I am grown, this sort of sport has not lost its charm. Quite often, when children come to visit me, into the water I go with them, trying to see who can splash the most. It makes one almost a child again to feel the pure, fresh water slipping and lapping over feet and toes. Pardon me; my letter has become quite lengthy before I was aware of it. If I am welcome I will come again and tell of the sunset and sunrise here, and describe our country. With good wishes to all, I will sign my real name.—Martha Barton, West Virginia.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I presume I shall never see any of you, so I take this method and opportunity of thanking you for the great assistance your letters have rendered me. I have been a Blade reader for several years. As often as our subscription expires, it is again renewed, so you see we keep the game going and do not try to keep every cent to be decoyed out—perhaps in some useless way.

Life is a continual struggle after that which we cannot take with us—riches. They seem to be given us as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands and is put away to please other children in their turn.

My home is where the beautiful maple trees grow on the Court House tower. A piece of poetry, written by D. R. Hunter, school superintendent in Washington, Indiana, explains how these trees came to be on the tower. It is far too long to transcribe here, but the first and last stanzas are so pretty I shall pass them on:

"The wonders of nature are many, I
 ween,
They come to my mind in a shower,
But where may so wondrous a wonder
 be seen,
As the grove on the top of the
 tower?

"May God bless the angels, and God
 bless the men
Who plant for a future hour,
And God bless the shade of the maples, and then
The grove on the top of the tower."
—A Hoosier Strawberry.

Why not tell us in prose how the grove came to be on the top of the tower?—Elizabeth.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

It is some time since we have had any discussions. If there is anything you wish talked over by the M. G. R's., let your want be known. We are not afraid to attack any subject.

Letters just received are from Butterfly, Bert from Missouri, Barnsie, Polly Jane and Nellie Gray. Everybody welcome.

Be out of doors all you can this pleasant weather. When the weather is not pleasant, why, be out of doors all you can, just the same.

Well, here's hoping that you are all well and happy.—Elizabeth.

OUR FAIRY TALE

TWINKLE was called so because he was so bright and cheerful. He was like a warm fire in winter time that people liked to get close to. He never got angry and he very seldom cried, and when he did that he brightened afterwards, just as an April day does after a shower.

When Twinkle grew up he was told that it was time for him to go out into the world and make his fortune. That was the way parents did in those old days. So Twinkle packed his knapsack, picked up a stick for a cane and went away whistling merrily, saying he'd soon be back with a pocketful of gold and presents for everyone.

Twinkle wandered far and went into strange lands. He sailed the seas and enlisted as a soldier. Once he worked as inn-keeper and another time he was coachman for a great duke. But fortune seemed to to dodge him. He seldom had enough food and clothes, not to mention gold and presents for the people at home. Yet Twinkle was just as happy as ever. He just couldn't help being gay. Seven years he had been gone and one night, when it was cold and blustery, he found himself walking upon a road in a dreary valley and the night coming on.

"This won't do," said Twinkle. And he went into a grove of trees and gathering brush and wood, made himself a rousing fire. He ate the little food he had and settled back to rest before going to sleep. As he watched the fire he saw it flare up into a mighty flame and there suddenly stood before him the prettiest being he had ever beheld. Her face shone with kindness. From her shoulders spread two wonderful wings as beautiful as those of a butterfly.

"Twinkle," she said as if she had known him always. "This sort of life will not do for you. You go about the world and no one except yourself gets the good of all your cheeriness. It is all wasted. I could give you gold and send you home, but you might get cold and selfish. I might give you presents to take along, but they'd be small things compared with your good nature. As a matter of truth, a good strong arm and a willing one is worth more than gold and your skill in making others happy is beyond anything you could carry in your hand or stuff into your pockets. Turn back, Twinkle, and you'll find when you've got home that you have your fortune."

Twinkle did turn back and when he came whistling up the very same road he had gone out upon, his mother and his father and the little brothers and the sisters came running out to him and clasped him in their arms.

"I haven't brought back a penny," he whispered to his father.

"Say not a word," said the father. "You're worth your weight in gold, however much you weigh."

"I haven't a present for one of you," he whispered to his mother.

"Yes, you have," she said, "the best present of all. That's yourself."

"Ah!" laughed Twinkle aloud. "That fairy was a mighty wise little being."

"What do you mean?" said they all.

"Never mind," said Twinkle. And he kissed them all once more.

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POETS' CORNER

THE EXILE

Author Unknown.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel, the shore
 is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor
 tonight.
Tomorrow at sunrise once more I shall
 stand
On the sea beaten shore of my dear
 native land.

Ah, why does despondency weigh down
 my heart,
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part.
I come from an exile of twenty long
 years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast
 falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the
 heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles
 beneath,
And the fragrant white blossom spread
 over the thorn,
That grows near the cottage in which I
 was born.

It cannot be changed, no, the clematis
 climbs,
Over the gay little porch, as it did in
 old times,
And the seat that my father reclines in is
 still there,
But where is my father; Oh, answer
 me where.

My mother's own casement, the chamber
 she loved,
Is there overlooking the lawn where I
 roved,
She thoughtfully sat with her hand on
 her brow,
And watched her young darling; Ah,
 where is she now?

And there is my poor sister's garden,
 how wild
Was the innocent sports of that beautiful child,
Her voices had a musical spell in its
 sound,
And her cheeks were like rose leaves;
 Ah, where has she gone?

No father reclines in his clematis seat,
No mother looks forth from her shady
 retreat,
No sister is there stealing silly away,
Till half her suppressed laughter betrays
 where she plays.

How oft in my exile when kind friends
 were near,
I have slighted their kindness and sighed
 to be here,
How oft have I said could I once see
 that spot,
That blest little valley how blest should
 I be.

How blest, oh it is not a valley like this,
That mind can realize visions of bliss,
For voices I hear from the land of the
 dead,
For light steps that used to trip after
 the sound.

But see this green path, I remember it
 well,
It's the way to the church, hark the toll
 of the bell,
How oft in my boyhood a truant strayed
To yonder dark yew tree and slept in
 the shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower
 now,
No smooth space is left 'neath the dark
 yew tree bough,
Over tablets engraved with sad records
 I tread,
And the home I have sought is the home
 of the dead.

And was it for this I looked forward
 so long,
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy
 song,
And turned from the glance of the dark
 girl of Spain,
And wept for my country again and
 again.

And was it for this to my casement I
 crept,
To gaze on the deeps when they deemed
 that I slept,
To think of fond meetings, the welcome,
 the kiss,
The fondly hands' pressure; Oh, was
 it for this?

When those who so long have been absent, return
To the scene of their childhood, it is
 but a mourn;
Wounds open afresh that time nearly
 had healed,
And the sorrow it all at one glance are
 revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel, the tempest may blow,
There's a calm for my heart in the dash
 of the wave,
Speed, speed, my fleet vessel; the sails
 are unfurled,
Oh, ask me not whither my home is the
 world.

NO ONE TO LOVE

Author Unknown.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's
 wilderness;
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone;
No gentle voice, no tender smile,
Makes me rejoice or cares beguile.

CHORUS.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through this world's
 wilderness;
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.

In dreams alone, loved ones I see,
And well known voices then whisper to
 me,
Sighing I wake, waking I weep,
Soon with the loved and the lost I
 shall sleep.
Oh, blissful rest! What heart would
 stay,
Unloved, unbless'd, from the heaven
 away?

No one to love, none to caress,
None to respond to this heart's tenderness;
Trusting I wait; God, in His love,
Promises rest in the bright home above,
Oh, bliss in store! Oh, joy mine own!
There nevermore to weep alone!

OURS NOT MINE

Author Unknown.

Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
A second time entered the marriage relation;
Xantippe Caloria accepted his hand—
Thought him the happiest man in the land,
Ere the first waning honeymoon passed o'er his head,
One morning to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife;
So as early as possible, Carpenter Carey
Shall widen my house, and enlarge my dairy."
"Oh, Socrates, deary," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly 'myed.'
Whenever a gentleman speaks to his bride,
He ought to say our, and no pronoun beside.
So whenever you talk of your chattels again,
Say our cows, and our horses, our pigs, our pen."
"With your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please,
I'll speak of my horses, my garden, my trees."
"Say our," the lady cried out in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age."
Oh, woman, though only a piece of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis tells not a fib,
Your naughty companion e'er quarrels with you,
You frequently prove the best man of the two!
In the following case this was certainly true.
The lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her on all sides at random,
The adage was verified, nil desperandum,
For Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows that pattered like rain,
Believing that valor's best part was discretion,
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian.
But the dauntless Xantippe—not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.
And when Socrates said: "It's so weary down here,"
She sweetly replied: "Say our, my dear."
At length, when he'd reasoned the thing in his mind,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against kind,
And thus like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "May we come out from under our bed?"
"Aha," said his wife, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I see you accede to my terms by your looks.
I'll let you come out, and from this day on,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look cross."
'Tis said next Sunday, ere going to church,
He chanced for a pair of clean trousers to search;
Having found them, he said, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches?"

POEMS REQUESTED

The song, "Wipe Those Pearly Tears Away," is wanted.

Wanted—The song entitled, "Lilly Dale."

SWEET THINGS

Lemon Layer Cake.

Four eggs, beaten separately, one half cup of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one half cup of sour milk, one teaspoon soda in the milk, flavor with lemon to taste. When cool pour lemon filling between. Frost top. This is excellent for any layer cake.

Lemon Filling.

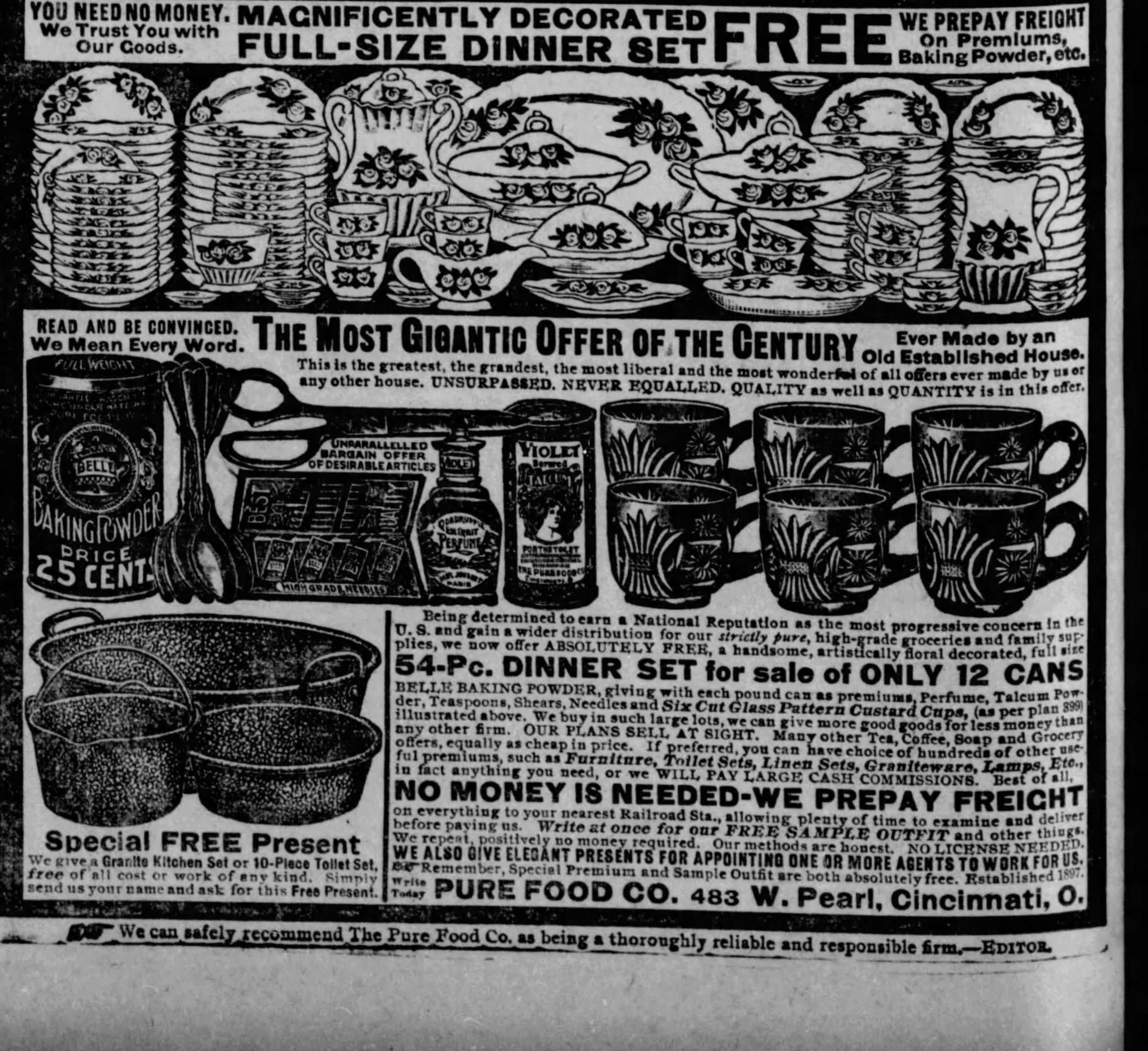
One cup of boiling water, one tablespoon of cornstarch, blended with a little cold water, one egg beaten separately. Mix together and stir into the boiling water. Add one cup of sugar, juice and rind of two lemons. Let it boil up once and put immediately between the layers.

Pralines.

Three cups of light brown sugar, one cup of water, butter the size of an egg; stir until it boils; let it boil until it threads from the spoon, then add two cups of English walnut kernels chopped, and beat until the mixture thickens. Drop it from a teaspoon upon well-buttered paper and let it stand until it hardens.

Cocoanut Cookies.

One cup powdered sugar, four eggs, one tablespoon butter, one-fourth cocoanut, three teaspoons baking powder, one and a half cups flour. Beat the eggs very light, add the sugar and the butter, mixed. Add the flour and baking powder, which have been sifted together, and stir in the grated cocoanut. If the cocoanut is in packages, use a fourth of the shredded cocoanut, then beat in the whites of the eggs. Drop it from a spoon upon a buttered pan, so the cakes will be an inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. This amount should make about 24 cookies.


YOU NEED NO MONEY. We Trust You with Our Goods.
MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED FULL-SIZE DINNER SET FREE
WE PREPAY FREIGHT On Premiums, Baking Powder, etc.
READ AND BE CONVINCED. We Mean Every Word.
THE Most Gigantic OFFER OF THE CENTURY Ever Made by an Old Established House.
This is the greatest, the grandest, the most liberal and the most wonderful of all offers ever made by us or any other house. UNSURPASSED. NEVER EQUALLED. QUALITY as well as QUANTITY is in this offer.
Being determined to earn a National Reputation as the most progressive concern in the U. S. and [illegible]
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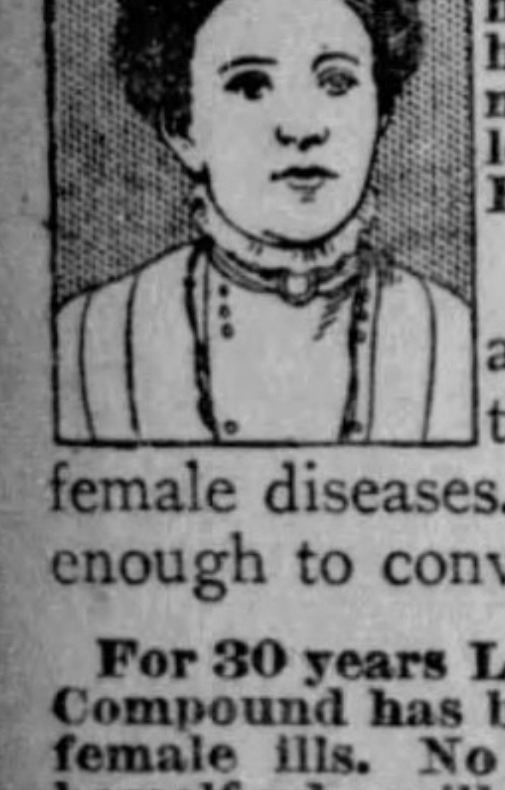
We can safely recommend The Pure Food Co. as being a thoroughly reliable and responsible firm.—EDITOR.

Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had made many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Hudson, Ohio.—"I suffered for a long time from a weakness, inflammation, dreadful pains each month and suppression. I had been doctoring and receiving only temporary relief, when a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and wrote to you for advice. I have faithfully followed your directions and now, after taking only five bottles of the Vegetable Compound, I have every reason to believe I am a well woman. I give you full permission to use my testimonial." —Mrs. Lena Carmocino, Hudson, Ohio. R. F. D. No. 7.



St. Regis Falls, N. Y.—"Two years ago I was so bad that I had to take to my bed every month, and it would last from two to three weeks. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. I am happy to say that I am cured, thanks to your medicine and good advice. You may use my letter for the good of others."—Mrs. J. H. Breyere, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

EE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that u can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it will cost n nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it ll cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere th your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you ffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain apper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN EDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how ey can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to ink for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can cide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home eatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will adly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and akes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the e ten days' treatment is yours; also the book. Write today, as you may not see this er again. Address

RS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

DECIDED SENSATION

nsumptive—Have you heard of the new iological treatment which is meeting with marvelous success? It is causing a sensan the scientific world. A letter addressed . T. Nature's Creation Discovery, Columbus, will bring full particulars without expense or ation.

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gnificent album of beautiful Florida scenes free to every new subscriber to the handst illustrated weekly in the South. Covery phase of Florida life it is invaluable to who are interested in Florida and the ics. Full of beautiful pictures, stories, y and current topics peculiar to the Land lowers. 52 weeks $1.00. Send for sample

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HELP WANTED.

OVERNMENT EMPLOYES WANTED—Write free list of examinations, Franklin Institute, . B. 32, Rochester, N. Y.

ROP SECOND LARGEST

icago Paper Gives Figures of Year's Yield.

hicago, Sept. 19.—The Chicago r Ocean says: With 4,800,000,000 hels of grain in sight in the crops 1910, Uncle Sam need have little r of starvation before the crops of l are garnered into the nation's ns.

Vith one exception the prospective in crop will be the largest on rec- for the United States, according the government crop estimates for tember, which have just been is- d. In 1906 we harvested a total 4,839,000,000 bushels of wheat, n, oats, rye and barley. In 1909 total was 4,719,441,000 bushels. f chief interest—because it fixes price of the staff of life—is the rovement in the wheat crop which shown by the August record. At end of July the spring wheat had n badly scorched in the Northwest the loss in June in the Northtern states had threatened to send ad prices soaring during the win- The August rains, however, ed much and the government's ex- ts figure that the August improve- nt added 7,000,000 bushels to the spective crop. The total crop of 000,000 bushels will still be more n 72,000,000 bushels short of last r's.

Winter Wheat Gain.

he winter wheat crop for the year aled 458,000,000 bushels, against ,366,000 for 1909, making the total eat crop for 1910 just 676,000,000 hels, a loss of 61,000,000 from last r's total.

he biggest crop of the year—as al—will be that of corn. Of this eal the nation's barns will hold the pendous total of 2,896,000,000 hels, more than 30 bushels for h of us 90,000,000. This crop fered a slight loss in August, the rease totaling about 44,000,000 hels. The biggest corn states— nois and Iowa—however, showed ht increases. The prospective p in Illinois is 355,402,000 bushels, inst the August estimate of 346,- ,000 bushels; in Iowa, 331,813,000 hels, against an August estimate of ,232,000.

Ohio's Loss Greatest.

he greatest loss in the corn crop to Ohio, which suffered a decrease 22,000,000 bushels for the month. iana lost 6,000,000 bushels, thanks unseasonable weather.

he oat crop will be the largest on ord. The September estimate kes it total 1,045,000,000 bushels, the experts say that probably en the October figures come out will exceed this amount. This l is 38,000,000 in excess of the res for 1909 and 238,000,000 bush- over the 1908 totals. Here again nois and Iowa are in the lead. h yields of 168,297,000 and 169,- ,000 bushels respectively. Iowa's provement for August was almost 00,000 bushels, while Illinois gain- ,000,000 bushels.

he barley crop lost about 400,000 hels in August, an almost negligi- le decrease, for the September esti- e is 152,000,000 bushels. Last r it was 170,284,000 bushels.

he rye crop, which has been har- ted, totaled 32,088,000 bushels, inst 32,239,000 bushels in 1909.

ll hail to the farmer whose in- try thus not only feeds this na- , but must help to feed the hungry ples of all the world!

DEL SERVANT GIVEN HOUSE

althy Woman Rewards Employe With Deed to Home and Lot.

oughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Be- se she has been a model servant, te Brown has received from her ployer, Mrs. Julia de Windt Thomp- , wife of Dr. Thompson, of Ferris e, a suburb of Poughkeepsie, a gift a new house on a lot next to the mpson property free and clear of incumbrance.

rs. Thompson had a surveyor asure off a generous strip of land m her estate, then built thereon a stantial and attractive house, and n it was all finished she surprised servant by walking into the kitch- and giving the deed to her.

NY HUNTERS IN NEW YORK

bany, N. Y., Sept. 14.—More than 00 hunters' licenses have been is- d in New York state for the fall oting season. The deer shooting sea- opens on Sept. 16, while partridge other game birds may be hunted r Oct. 1.

NDER OIL LAMP FREE

This is a Genuine offer to lamp users, made to introduce the Wonder INCANDESCENT 100-CANDLE POWER Kerosene Oil Lamp in every locality. Many times BRIGHTER, CHEAPER and SAFER than Gasoline, Electricity or ordinary lamps for lighting homes, offices, stores, halls and churches. We ask that you show it to your neighbors. If you accept the proposition we will send you, we will give you a lamp FREE. Send your name and name of nearest express office.

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CHICAGO GROWTH 28.7

With 2,185,283, Jumps to World's Fourth City.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The population of Chicago is 2,185,283, an increase of 486,708, or 28.7 per cent as compared with 1,698,575 in 1900.

This announcement leaves Chicago ranking in population as the second city of the United States, and the fourth in the world.

Chicago has almost doubled its population since 1890, when the figures were 1,099,850. Its greatest growth during that period was between 1890 and 1900 when there was an increase of 54.4.

Chicago can claim distinction in having jumped from sixth to fourth place among the big cities on the globe. It is following close upon the heels of Paris, whose population by its last census, in 1901 was 2,714,068. Chicago takes precedence over Tokio and Berlin by close margins. According to the census taken in each of the two cities in 1908, Tokio had 2,085,160 and Berlin 2,040,148.

SATAN IN DRESS SUIT

Chicago Preacher Sees the Devil in New Guise.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—The new style for "devils" was announced last evening.

According to what Dr. A. C. Dixon had to say to a large congregation in Moody church, the horns, barbed tail, cloven hoof and general terrifying makeup which used to form the delineations of the "father of lies" have gone out of fashion.

Instead of these he has put on a frock coat, a silk hat, a white tie, a high collar and patent leather "pumps" and may be seen cavorting around pink teas and ladies' soirees, looking benevolent and trying to appear intellectual.

Women Falling Victims.

Furthermore, the doctor said, a lot of women are falling victims to his wiles. He is the same "Old Nic" in spite of his efforts to appear respectable. He is trying to adapt himself to modern conditions and, as evidence of the success of his operations, Dr. Dixon pointed to the large followings obtained by the "spiritualist, theosophist and Annie Besant cults" which, he declared, "were founded by women at the direct instigation of satan himself."

Dr. Dixon said that any knowledge forbidden by God was satanic and that the seeking after it was sinful. To back this up he quoted from that portion of the scripture which adjures to converse not with those who have "familiar spirits" and who "mutter in the dark."

Inventions of Devil.

"Any religion," said Dr. Dixon, "which exalts the physical, the aesthetic or the intellectual and leaves out the spiritual, any form of worship which denies Christ or ignores Him, is a religion invented by the devil for the destruction of man."

Women, said the doctor, were particularly susceptible to forms of religion and, after pointing out that the three cults referred to had been founded by members of that sex, he added:

"No one admires a good woman more than I and no man is good who doesn't owe much of what is best in him to some good woman, but it is a fact that cannot be denied that women have been responsible for a great deal of what is wickedest in this world."

BABES ON DISPLAY DIE

Incubator at State Fair Is Closed for Inquiry.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 17.—The baby incubator show at the state fair was ordered closed by the police last night. This action followed the deaths of two infants, a boy eight weeks old and a 4-weeks-old girl, who were brought to this city from a charities hospital in Pittsburg.

Dr. E. J. Meyer, in charge of the medical department of the fair, says that the deaths were caused by lack of nourishment and improper feeding. Dr. Douglas Snyder, of Chicago, who had charge of the babies' incubator, says the deaths were caused by exhaustion incident to the long train trip.

The third baby died during the morning, and a short time later Col. Scott Bullitt, county attorney, ordered an investigation with the result that Deputy Sheriff Hays will hold a postmortem.

The Humane society has also taken the matter up. The incubator exhibit at the fair was conducted by a company which makes a business of showing it from place to place.

Although the electric current at the fair grounds was kept on last night it was shut off the two previous nights and the heat was allowed to escape from the incubators.

WOMAN AS MAN IS ARRESTED

Protest Right to Male Attire and Cigaret on Streets.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 17.—Mrs. Elsie Greve, of Berlin, Germany, who for the past three months has been living in New York, was placed under arrest here yesterday on a crowded street while parading in men's attire and smoking a cigarette.

Her husband, F. P. Greve, of New York, who accompanied her and who protested against the arrest of his wife, was also locked up, both being charged suspicious persons.

Mrs. Greve explained that she was simply accompanying her husband on his vacation, and found it more convenient to wear men's clothing. The Greves announced with bitterness that they would appeal to the German government unless released.

Late yesterday evening it was announced that the police had quietly released the couple with apologies.

ALL LOOK ALIKE NOW

President Recognizes No Distinction Between Regulars and Progressives.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 15.—No difference between so-called "progressives" and "regulars" will be recognized by President Taft hereafter, but all party leaders will be treated alike as Republicans in the matter of federal support.

The President's views to this effect are given in a letter from Secretary Norton to a Republican leader of Iowa, whose name is not disclosed.

In the letter Secretary Norton stated that while important Republican legislation pending in congress was opposed by certain Republican leaders the president felt that his duty required him to withhold federal patronage from senators and representatives who seemed to occupy a position hostile to efforts to fulfill the pledges of the party platform.

That attitude on the part of the President ends, however, with the more recent primary elections and nominating conventions, in which the people have declared themselves, and the president now looks upon "progressives" and "regulars" alike as Republicans and as such entitled to his support of the party.

Norton's Letter.

The letter of Secretary Norton, in part, follows:

"Beverly, Mass., Sept. 15, 1910.

"Your letters of the 9th are at hand, and I have delayed replying until after the primary elections. The President directs me to express to you and to your friends his deep appreciation of the work which you have done and the powerful assistance which you have extended to the administration from the beginning—an assistance that has contributed much to the legislative and other successes which have been secured.

"While Republican legislation pending in congress was opposed by certain Republicans the President felt it to be his duty to the party and to the country to withhold federal patronage from certain senators and congressmen who seemed to be in opposition to the administration's efforts to carry out the promises of the party platform. That attitude, however, ended with the primary elections and nominating conventions which have now been held, and in which the voters have had opportunity to declare themselves. The people have spoken as the party faces the fall elections; the question must be settled by Republicans of every shade of opinion, whether the differences of the last session shall be perpetuated or shall be forgotten.

In the preliminary skirmishes in certain states like Wisconsin and Iowa and elsewhere, he was willing, in the interest of what the leaders believed would lead to party success, to make certain discriminations; but the President has concluded that it is his duty now to treat all Republican congressmen and senators alike. Without any distinction, he will now follow the usual rule in Republican congressional districts and states, and follow the recommendations made by Republican congressmen and senators, of whatever shade of political opinion, only requiring that the men recommended shall be good men, the most competent and the best fitted for the particular office. Sincerely yours.

"CHARLES D. NORTON,
"Secretary to the President."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, Sept. 21.—A celebrated New York aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

BALLINGER IS DEFENDED

Committeeman Denby Says He's Not Guilty.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 16.—Congressman Edwin Denby, member of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee of congress, expressed the conviction here today in an interview that Secretary Ballinger has not been guilty of corruption or breach of trust and defined "insurgency" as the expression of Republican principles in such a form as to appeal to the prejudices of the people.

"I would have preferred the orderly method of having our conclusions submitted to congress," said Congressman Denby, who has just returned from the committee's meeting in Chicago, "but since a majority of the committee has given out a report, the usual custom has been broken.

Best Men Defeated.

"Why should we blink at the situation in the Republican party? Conditions are grave in the extreme. The party is divided within itself. Insurgent Republicans are publicly advocating the defeat of sitting Republicans who are up for re-election and the substitution of Republicans bearing a different banner. Insurgency is spreading rapidly and the election of the 85 per cent. of the party in the house by the so-called "regular" wing of the party is becoming increasingly doubtful and difficult.

"Some of the men already defeated are the best blood and brains of the party and their places will be hard to fill. And others equally good will be defeated because they refuse to discard the name Republican that has stood 60 years for the most progressive and enlightened legislation and assume the name of "insurgent," which means nothing.

FRAUD IN CHICAGO PRIMARIES

Votes Were Bought and Sold From 25 Cents to Dollar.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Ballot box stuffing, vote buying and selling at from 25 cents to $1, repeating and voting of "dead" men—these all figured in the frauds that marked Thursday's primaries in Chicago, despite the extraordinary precautions of the election board. Hundreds of complaints swamped the commissioners.

While there was little violence and no rioting, several arrests were made for bribery and repeating.

Judge George A. Dupuy, of the superior court, was selected for a victim in one of the most successful frauds of the day. When the jurist reached his polling place the books showed that another man had voted in his name.

Judge Dupuy insisted on his right to cast a ballot. Appeal was made to the election board, and his ballot was accepted.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT

15 IN 1

Most perfect and valuable Combination of tools ever invented. Sells at sight to Farmers, Plumbers, Machinists, Automobile Owners, in stores and the home.

15 TOOLS IN 1

Made of Drop Forged high grade carbon steel. Big snap for agents. Low price. Splendid seller. Sample free to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 2878 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

TRY THIS FREE!

For CATARRH COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, GRIPPE, WEAK LUNGS, HEADACHE, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

No doping; no big monthly fees. A scientific, hygienic treatment which has cured thousands of men and women after all else failed. (Send for convincing testimonials). Clay's Medicator is not to be compared with ordinary inhalers, douches and atomizers. Medicated air is blown (not inhaled) direct to the seat of trouble in head, throat or lungs; 40 per cent more effective than any similar treatment. Quickly kills germs, heals and soothes inflamed membrane, stops mucus discharges, sweetens bad breath, restores lost taste and smell, and lasts a lifetime. Surest, promptest, cheapest cure! Because Clay's Medicator (pocket size) does all that's claimed, we gladly send it to you by express for trial (one trial of 5 minutes will thoroughly convince), or send 75c for Inhalent and Ointment, and we will send on 10 days' trial, balance to be paid at that time. If not entirely satisfied, return Medicator and it costs you not one cent! Write today!

CLAY SALES AGENCY, 440, 146 State St., Chicago

CHOLERA IS MOVING ON

Now Threatens to Go to Manchuria.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 16.—The cholera epidemic which, originating in Southern Russia, has claimed upwards of 100,000 victims, is stretching its way across Asiatic Russia, and today was officially declared to threaten the province of Amur, in southeast Siberia and separated by the Amur river from Manchuria.

The reports now in possession of the sanitary bureau show a total for the season of 182,327 cases with 83,613 deaths. These include the early returns for the week ending Sept. 10, and the revised figures for the preceding week. Complete reports for the week of September 4, Sept. 10 inclusive, are lacking, but the totals for the seven days at hand are 7,559 cases with 3,557 deaths. The totals for the receding week are 13,330 cases, with 6,187 deaths.

Returns Show Decrease.

The returns by provinces for the last week reported show deaths as follows: Saradov, 503; Samara 383; Orenburg, 206, Simbrisk, 189; Yekaterinoslav, 188, Don Cossacks, 175; Tambov, 148; Daghestan 235; Voronezh, 121; Kursk, 115; Erivan, 110; Kherson, 104; Kiev, 97; Semipalatinek, 8; Tomsk, 4; Akmolinsk, 31; St. Petersburg, 50.

Yesterday there were 47 new cases and 19 deaths in the city of St. Petersburg. This brings the total in the capital up to 3,750 cases with 1,310 deaths.

The totals in the aggregate show a falling off of cases and deaths.

FAULTY OIL BURNERS BLEW UP WARSHIP.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Faulty installation and design of the oil burning apparatus on the Dreadnought North Dakota were responsible for the accident on that battleship on the 8th inst. whereby three men were killed and 11 injured, according to the report of the investigating board.

PAUPERS HIS PALLBEARERS

Strange Provisions in the Will of English Odd Fellow.

London, Sept. 16.—The funeral of Edward Lawrence, of Wellington, Salop, yesterday, was, by his direction, of an unusual character.

Mr. Lawrence, who was 71 years old, made a rough drawing of the kind of coffin in which he was to be buried. He directed that his body should be taken from the house to the cemetery on a bier from the local workhouse, "six staid inmates of the house to act as bearers." The letters "E. L." only were printed on the coffin plate; funeral attire was not to be worn, there were no flowers and no hearse or mourning coaches, with the exception of a carriage for his widow.

Mr. Lawrence was for many years a member of the Manchester Unity Club of Odd Fellows, but in his written instructions for the funeral he expressed a wish that the funeral oration of the order be not read at the graveside, "only a brief and simple service for the burial of the dead, to conclude with the Lord's prayer."

WE BUY MORE, SELL LESS

U. S. Balance of Trade Suddenly Swings to Europe.

Washington, Sept. 16.—The balance of trade, which the statistics of the last 30 years have genearlly shown to be largely in favor of this country, as turned over.

It now stands $1,000,000 on the other side of the ledger for the first eight months of this calendar year. The month of August swung the pendulum and brought to the United States $3,563,425 more in trade than it took out.

From that condition, students of economics may draw varied conclusions. One is that there has been no readjustment of prices in the United States since the panic of 1907-08. Another is that the balance of trade has been against us for a long time without showing in the statistics of merchandise.

BOLD SKIPPER FLIRTS WITH DEATH AS HE SHOOTS RAPIDS

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 19.—In a little motor boat, the Ferro, which at times was tossed 20 feet in the air by the churning swirl of the waters, Captain Claus Larsen, of Cleveland, late yesterday afternoon shot the Whirlpool Rapids from the foot of the cataract. He started from the Maid of the Mist dock at 4:45 and ran on a rock near the American shore at 5:30.

In this three-quarters of an hour the Cleveland dare-devil was thought to be as good as drowned two or three times. His boat was held fast between two rocks for five minutes, while great combers of spray hid him from view. His foot was injured, but he had not time to think of that. He traveled four and one-half miles.

Boat Was Leaking.

Despite the battering of the whirlpool rapids, Larsen went through safely, but his boat was leaking badly at the finish and through the trip. Larsen had intended to start at 2:30 o'clock, but he was delayed by engine troubles. Besides, the authorities threatened to interfere on the ground of attempted suicide.

The Ferro swung under the cantilever bridge, the engine running at top speed, and was caught in the Swift Drift where the water begins its rush down to Whirlpool Rapids.

Larsen held to the middle of the channel and in less than three minutes had made the great pool. In the trip through the Rapids the little boat was lost to sight most of the time, but at Great Wave it was shot 20 feet out of the water. The boat landed right and continued to the pool.

Craft Turns Somersault.

Only the fact that his engine broke down prevented the daring navigator from completing the full course of the rapids, and landing at Lewiston, seven miles below.

But Larsen rode through the wildest four-mile stretch of water on the continent, the two miles below where his little craft was carried ashore being calm water in comparison to the treacherous passage through the rock-ribbed gorge.

Two or three times the little launch was upended, often it was caught in the conflicting currents and spun around like a top, several times it came perilously near mountains of rock that poke through the swiftly running waters, and once, just as it shot over a fall above the Devil's Hole, it turned a complete somersault.

The promotors originally intended that the shooting of the rapids was to be a race. Percy Jones, of Toledo, had his boat entered for the same trip. But the race was called off and Larsen made the trip alone.

John A. Penton, of Cleveland, has announced that he will award the $500 Penton trophy to Larson, notwithstanding that the event was not a race.

GETS EIGHT MONTHS

Charles R. Heike, Former Sugar Trust Official, Is Given Pen Sentence.

New York, Sept. 19.—Charles R. Heike, former secretary and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining Co., who has been called "the man higher up" in the sugar trust was sentenced today by Judge Martin in the United States circuit court to serve eight months in the New York penitentiary on Blackwell's Island and pay a fine of $5,000 on conviction of conspiring to defraud the United States government by the underweighing of sugar.

Judge Martin granted a stay of execution pending an appeal to the United States circuit court of appeals.

The court also reduced Heike's bail, which had been $25,000 pending sentence since his conviction last June, to $15,000.

Claims of Prosecution.

Heike's sentence is the culminating point in the federal government's prosecution of American Sugar Refining Co. officials and employes growing out of the extensive underweighing frauds on the Williamsburg docks of the trust, brought to light by Richard Parr's famous raid on the docks in 1907.

Four weighers for the company and Oliver Spitzer, their dock boss, were convicted on the first criminal trial in connection with the frauds, and the weighers are still serving out their sentence of a year in Blackwell Island penitentiary. Spitzer, who was sentenced to two years in the Atlanta penitentiary, was pardoned during the trial of Heike, Ernest W. Gerbracht, the refinery superintendent and four minor employes for conspiracy. He turned state's evidence and his testimony played an important part in the conviction of Heike, Gerbracht and the checkers. The sugar company, meanwhile, had paid the government more than $2,000,000, out of which it was shown the customs had been defrauded by the underweighing operations.

BALLOON IS SHATTERED

Zeppelin VI. 472, Feet Long, Is Blown Up by Explosion of One Engine.

Baden Baden, Sept. 14.—If anything could discourage that intrepid apostle of aerostatics, Count Zeppelin, it would appear to have been furnished today when the Zeppelin VI., the latest model of his aerial invention, was torn by the explosion of one of the three motors located in the stern gondola.

Three of the airship's crew were seriously injured.

The accident happened as the dirigible was being slowly worked into her shed here. The defective motor had been operating as usual when suddenly the crew were whirled from their posts in the rear gondola as the craft trembled and lurched. There was a sharp report, a flash of flame, and in a moment the immense fabric of silk canvass was afire. The crew hardly realizing what had happened, tumbled over the sides of the airship, barely escaping with their lives.

The fire spread so rapidly that the shed was soon destroyed.

This is the fifth serious accident which has attended the Zeppelin dirigibles, the histories of which have been brilliant and brief, and usually ending in disaster.

Carried Crew of Ten.

The Zeppelin VI. was built in 1909, but had since been altered and enlarged. Her motors and the other navigating and operating machinery was contained in two gondola cars situated in the bow and stern respectively. It was in the stern gondola, where the explosion occurred today.

The measurements of the Zeppelin VI. were: Length, 472 feet; width, 42 feet; gas capacity, 20,000 cubic yards. Her three motors had a total of 400 horse power, expended in four propellers and giving her a speed of 38 miles an hour.

LINGERIE IS NOT PLATONIC

Judge Grants Divorce, Ruling Also Against Silk Hosiery.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 16.—"I seriously doubt if there is such a thing as platonic friendship between a married man and a married woman, and I am more than certain that it does not exist when a married man makes the married woman gifts of silk hose, lingerie, etc.," declared Judge Bloodworth yesterday afternoon during the trial of the divorce suit brought by James E. Dodgen against his young and pretty wife.

Earl Parks, a prominent business man, was named as Mrs. Dodgen's affinity. Attorneys for Mrs. Dodgen and Parks claimed that the friendship between the couple was platonic, but evidence was introduced showing that Parks had given Mrs. Dodgen silk stockings and costly lingerie.

Then Judge Bloodworth declared that the theory of "platonic friendship" under such circumstances was impossible. A negro maid gave damaging evidence in regard to the conduct of Mrs. Dodgen and Parks. The husband won his suit.

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Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer restores original color in mild, healthful manner in from 7 to 14 days. Entirely different from anything else. Its effect is permanent. Does not wash off nor look unnatural. Has no sediment, so it's neither sticky nor greasy—it's as pure and clear as water.

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Don't experiment—use what thousands of others have found safe and satisfactory. Sample and comb absolutely free. Be sure to mention original color of your hair. MARY T. GOLDMAN, Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn. (17)

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had eczema for five years and when her mother died I took care of the child. It was all over her face and body also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eszema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kierman, 663 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909."

ROOSEVELT A WRECKER

New York Times Editorial Lays Defeat to Split in G. O. P.

New York, Sept. 14.—In an editorial, the Times says today:

"Those who with futile pains are seeking in local questions and state issues the cause of the appalling Republican reverse in the state of Maine, should lift up their eyes to the true explanation, which lies plainly in view of all save those who refuse to see it. There is but one explanation. It is to be sought in the present demoralization and broken condition of the Republican party.

"The party is rent and smitten with divisions and discords, and not merely its dominance, but its very existence is menaced as in its life of more than half a century it has never been menaced before. State elections have been held many times in which local issues and questions have been presented, and yet the Republican party has carried its candidates to victory.

Triumphed Through Loyalty.

"It triumphed because of the enduring loyalty of Republican voters. It has from the very beginning been the best political instrument known to our history, thoroughly organized, led by men of commanding ability, who had the confidence and unswerving support of the mass of voters, who have always been taught to believe that the worst Republican in office is better than the best Democrat. It has maintained upon the power of the offices a grasp so firm that only with difficulty, and upon rare occasions has the Democracy been able to shake it off.

"What is the condition now? It is the condition of the Democratic party at the time when Mr. Cleveland despairingly pointed to the strange symbols of Bryanism which had been written all over the banner of Democracy, from which the precepts of the old faith had been erased. To the amazement of many Republicans, but to the evident joy of others, those symbols have now been written and smeared across the Republican banner.

His "Reckless Appeals."

"They see it seized and frantically waved aloft by one man, who is raging up and down the land, filling the air with his passionate and reckless appeals for the acceptance of new and strange principles, the principles of a faith invented by himself which he describes as the 'new nationalism,' a faith subversive not merely of older faiths, but of American institutions themselves. With an energy far surpassing that of Mr. Bryan, and with much greater ability, Mr. Roosevelt has detached a great part of he Republicans from their old faith and old leader; he has filled their minds and hearts with a romantic, unreasoning, unquestioning faith in himself and in what he preaches.

"He has not merely divided the Republican party and broken and destroyed its organization and discipline, but he has to a very considable degree effaced the very party lines, so that in the West Democrats and Republicans touch elbows and shoulders in the vast throngs that send up hats and hurrahs wherever he speaks.

Lessons for Democrats.

"A party subjected to such a terribly disturbing influence ceases to be a good political instrument save for the one man who is using it for his purposes.

"It is well nigh impossible that the Republicans should profit by the lesson of this defeat in Maine, for the forces that have overthrown them are beyond call. But the teaching is too plain to be missed by the Democrats."

WOMEN SMOKERS ARE SCORED

National Druggists Attack College Girls Who Use Cigarettes.

Pittsburg, Sept. 16.—The women's organization of the National Retail Druggists' association figured prominently in the convention proceedings yesterday. Strong resolutions protesting against the use of cigarettes by women were adopted, and made part of the record of the meeting.

Several speeches by women were made describing some phases of the subject as they had observed. College girls and society women were particularly scored.

SHIRT SLEEVES WON'T DO

Church Gets Injunction Against Unconventional Pastor.

Washington, Sept. 16.—A permanent court injunction is being sought by the congregation of Mount Zion Baptist church to prevent the Rev. James L. Garfield from exercising the functions of pastor, because on Aug. 28, a hot Sunday, Dr. Garfield preached in his shirt sleeves.

In granting the congregation a temporary injunction, Justice Barnard quoted from Jeremiah:

"Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord."

GIVES UP HIS $4,000 JOB

Gotham Officeholder Advises That His Position Be Abandoned.

New York, Sept. 16.—New York has a new candidate for a medal of some kind in the person of Robert C. Winter, a municipal officeholder in the borough of the Bronx.

Winter has just resigned a $4,000 a year job on the plea that he did not believe there was any need for the office.

RICH WOMAN AMUSES 400 TOTS

Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Lynhurst, the county seat of Miss Helen Gould, was the scene of an old-fashioned circus yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the annual fete to the members of Miss Gould's sewing class.

The circus was of the genuine variety, with sideshows, red lemonade and peanuts, and no one enjoyed it more than Miss Gould. Over 400 children were present, all dressed in white and wearing masks of animals.

The circus performance was given by Miss Gould's Sunday school class and Miss Northrup's class, and it was under the direction of Miss Northrup.

TAFT IS WILLING

But Word Comes From Beverly That He Won't Bid for Nomination.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 17.—The publication of a story in certain newspapers yesterday purporting to come from Beverly and announcing that President Taft had decided to step aside as a presidential candidate in 1912 to make way for Col. Theodore Roosevelt, brought many inquiries to the summer capital.

For a time an official denial was considered, but it was decided not to dignify the story, which is reported to be without any foundation whatever, with a statement.

It can be stated that there has been no change in President Taft's attitude toward a second term since he told a number of friends a few months ago that he would accept a second nomination if his party desired to tender it to him, and if that portion of the American people represented by his party seemed to want him. The President, it is said, is not considering his chances for a second term one way or the other at this time.

Would Like Endorsement.

From the first it has been said that he would devote himself to carrying out as nearly as possible the pledges of the platform on which he was elected for a four year term. Mr. Taft, it is pointed out, does not know how to play politics, and he has been quoted as saying that he would not do so if he could. The fact that he has often in his speeches referred to the fact that he has only the remainder of his present term to serve means, it is stated here, that Mr. Taft does not feel that he can nominate himself, and that he will not make a political bid for the nomination.

If, at the end of his term, his party feels he has been true to his trust and has carried out its pledges in so far as he possibly could, it no doubt would be very gratifying to the President to have his administration indorsed. That, he feels, is for the country and his party to decide, not himself.

Beverly's busy season is about at an end. Secretary Norton left yesterday to pay a visit to his family. The President starts for New Haven and Cincinnati on Sunday night. Mr. Norton will join the party at New Haven. Altogether the President will be away from Beverly two weeks, returning here October 2, to remain until the 15th of that month.

Grahame-White, the English aviator, who captured many of the prizes at the recent Harvard meet, called on the President at Burgess Point yesterday afternoon.

ISLAND TRADE JUMPS FAR

Commerce With Philippines Increases 84 Per Cent.

Washington, Sept. 16.—Trade between the United States and the Philippine Islands increased 84 per cent during the first year's operation of the new tariff law, according to department of commerce and labor statistics. The new tariff law provides for the free interchange of merchandise between those islands and the United States.

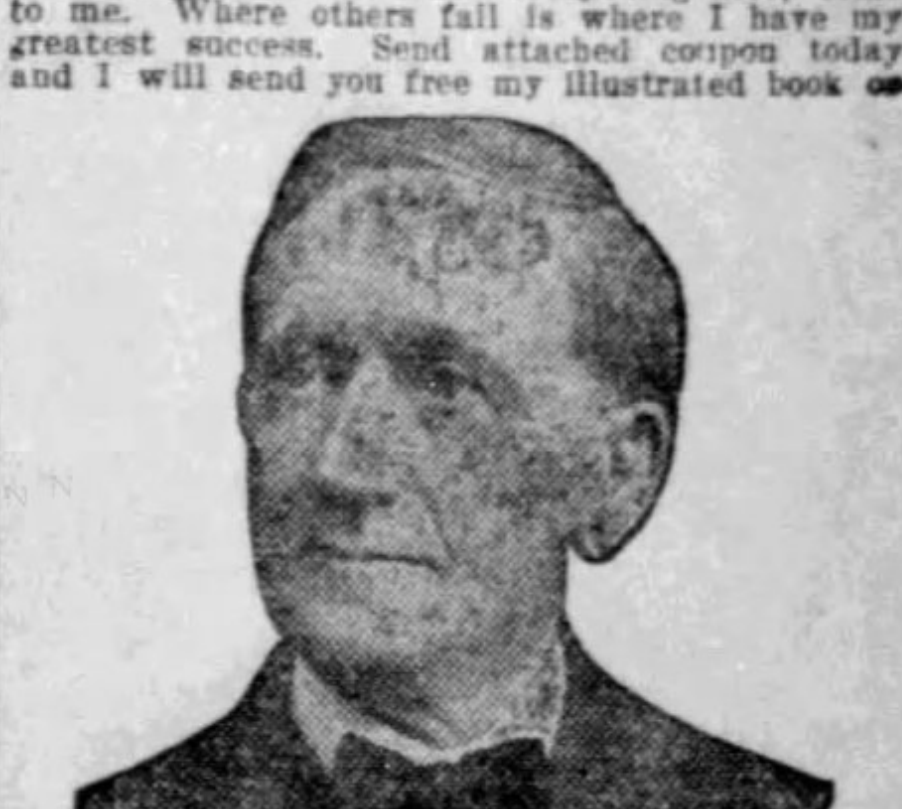
On July 31 last the law had been in effect one year. The total imports from the islands in that year were $18,917,372, an increase of about 50 per cent over the preceding year. Total exports to the islands were $17,517,675, an increase of about 70 per cent.

NO IRISH IN HIS BASTILE

Kansas City Jailer Explains Absence With Logical Reason.

Kansas City, Sept. 16.—James Gilwee, chief deputy county marshal, awoke to the fact that of the 131 prisoners in the county jail there wasn't an Irishman in the lot.

"What is more," Gilwee continued, "of 500 prisoners in the jail at different times in the last year only three of them were Irish. I explain it this way. While the Irish have lost none of their fighting qualities, for which they so long been famous, they hardly ever indulge in such serious fights as will get them in trouble with state authorities. When they do get into trouble they manage in some way to get their differences settled in municipal court."



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EXPERT HAZY ON SEX

Can't Say if Alleged Crippen Victim Is Woman.

London, Sept. 14.—Testifying at the resumption today of the Crippen murder trial, Prof. Augustus J. Pepper, pathologist of the University of London, said that his examination had convinced him that the human parts found in the cellar of the Hilldrop-Crescent home were severed by a hand skilled in surgery and directed by a mind that possessed a real knowledge of anatomy.

He admitted, however, that he could not determine the sex of the victim.

Prof. Pepper was the first witness called by the prosecution. At considerable length he described the examination which he had made of the parts and set forth his conclusions. Witness said that he had identified pieces of flesh as belonging to various parts of the body, except the head, hands, forearms, feet and legs below the knees. He could say that the members found were undoubtedly from a human body. No bones were discovered, nor was there any trace of the genital organs.

PEARLS GROWING ON TREES

Consul Reports Fine Fruit From Malay Peninsula.

Washington, Sept. 15.—Pearls grow on cocoanut trees in the Malay peninsula and the novel discovery has been made the subject of a special report from Consul General Dubois to the department of commerce and labor.

The pearls are said to be not unlike those of the oyster, containing calcium carbonate and a little organic matter. Certain concretions form just beneath the stem of the cocoanut shell and the result is a pure white pearl, which brings a high price.

The pearl is supposed by the Malays to possess some kind of charm.

I Give Men This Vitality of Youth

Vitality is the thing which makes success; it gives men that compelling power which sends them forth eager and equipped to meet and overcome all obstacles; it is the thing which gives the young soldier courage to face death; it is the thing which inspires and holds his sweetheart's love and faith. No matter what your age, I can give you this same vital power. I can restore the vigor you lost, no matter what early or later indiscretion may have sapped your strength I can make you "young" and keep you "young." From an intimate and studious observation of possibly 100,000 weakened men, I say to you that VITALITY or the lack of it means all the difference between a manly man and a half man.

The man who bubbles with vital power will exert a pleasing influence upon all with whom he comes in contact; women are naturally attracted to him as are men. Lack of vitality is a negative condition, and it even repels. You wear my HEALTH BELT all night; it sends a great glowing, health-giving current of electro-vitality into your nerves, blood and organs; it takes all the "kink" out of your back and all the coward out of your makeup; it puts you right up in the "feeling fine" class and keeps you there. No stimulation, no false results; just a sure return to manhood and courage. Recommended also for rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, stomach, and bladder disorders. It makes you feel young and keeps you feeling young forever.

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It fully describes my Health Belt, and contains much valuable information. One part deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other part is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

If in or near the city, take the time to drop in at my office, that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for professional advice, either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free book by return mail. It is better than a fortune for anyone needing new vigor. Office hours, 9 to 6; Sundays 10 to 1.

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Remember we take the risk, not you. A high-grade Elgin or Illinois, 15-jeweled movement, in a heavy gold-filled case, guaranteed for 20 years. Stem wind and stem set, fancy gold hands.

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Austin's Pyrotone kills and prevents Lice, Mites and Fleas on chickens, canaries and animals. Large size bottle express prepaid, $1. Send for circular. Agents wanted. Write for terms. W. P. AUSTIN, 386 West Water St., ELMIRA, N. Y.

13TH WEDDING IN FAMILY

Iowa Couple Boast of 16 Children and 29 Grandchildren.

Preston, Iowa, Sept. 15.—The wedding yesterday of Miss Minnie Mohr to Neils Bredall at the home of the bride's parents, two miles west of here, calls attention to a notable family. Mr. and Mrs. Mohr are the parents of 16 children, all of whom are living and were present, 8 boys and 8 girls, of whom the bride is the youngest. Twelve of the children (not including the one married yesterday) are married and have families of their own, the grandchildren numbering 21.

Mr. Mohr was born in Germany and came to this township when young. He is 65 years old. Mrs. Mohr is of German parentage, but was born in Illinois and is 58 years old.

A family reunion will be held on Friday, when a group picture of their 16 children and their descendants will be taken. Mr. Mohr is a large land owner.

BANKS GET A LAST CHANCE

Must Strengthen Weak Spots or Quit.

Washington, Sept. 15.—During the next few weeks the few national banks in the United States which are rated as weak will have their last chance to strengthen themselves or get out of business.

The 105 examiners have been instructed to carry that ultimatum to every board of directors that needs it. The statement of condition of every national bank in the country at the close of business Sept. 1, now being compiled, will be the last chance for any optional bank to show its capital impaired, any reduction of its reserve under the limit, any bad paper in its vaults, or any concealed liabilities.

Controller Murray will use all the authority of his office to compel sound banking in the strong institutions and force the weak ones to strengthen or retire.

TWINS, 39, MEET FIRST TIME

Separated at Birth They Never Knew One Another.

Pittsburg, Sept. 15.—Amos and Cyrus Lape, born together in Black Lick, Indiana county, 39 years ago, are acquainted for the first time. On account of the mother's death in giving them birth the twins were separated to live with different families and lost track of each other.

The reunion of the brothers, which is now being celebrated, was brought about by a mistake. A stranger who ran upon Amos at work in Export exclaimed, "Hello, Cy, what are you doing in Export?" Amost demurred: "But I'm not Cy; I am Amos. I have heard I had a twin brother named Cyrus, but never saw him. Do you know him?"

"Well, rather," said the stranger. "He's a neighbor of mine at Dunbar, Fayette county. I'll lead you to him," and he did.

OPERATOR DRINKS—4 KILLED

Forgotten Orders Blamed for Wreck in Illinois.

Cairo, Ill., Sept. 19.—Four trainmen were killed and two were injured today in a head-on collision between a Mobile & Ohio and Iron Mountain freight train near Beech Ridge, Ill. Witnesses testified before a coroner's jury late this afternoon that Operator Charles E. Clark, who was on duty at Beech Ridge had been drinking and failed to transmit orders. Clark was arrested, charged with responsibility for the wreck and lodged in jail last night.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

T. R. PRAISES TAFT

Quotes From President in Defense of Attack on Supreme Court.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Theodore Roosevelt returned to the defence of his new nationalism today, as was specifically indicated in the title of his address at the state fair here—the new nationalism and the old morality. "The new nationalism," he reiterated, "means nothing but an application to new conditions of certain old and fundamental moralities. It means an invitation to meet the new problems of the present day in precisely the spirit in which Lincoln and the men of his day met their new problems."

"To his critics, he put this clean-cut issue: "Is any party willing to take the other side of the proposition of which complaint is made?

"If so, it would be a good thing to have the issue before the people for, in the end, the people would most certainly decide in favor of the principles embodied in the new nationalism, because otherwise this country could not continue to be a true republic, a true democracy."

Defends His Court Attacks.

The speaker followed with a justification of his attacks on the supreme court of the United States. He chose two arguments—one, that in his criticisms he had merely echoed the minority opinions of the court itself, the other that he had illustrious precedent: Namely, the example of Abraham Lincoln, who, he said, had been far more outspoken than he himself had ever been, and the example of President Taft.

"Fifty-three years ago," he continued, "Abraham Lincoln was assailed for his repeated criticisms of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. As regards this decision he announced, not once, but again and again, that he held it to be not merely the right, but the duty of citizens, who felt that judicial decisions were erroneous and damaging, loyally to abide by the decisions as long as they stood, but to try hard to secure their reversal.

He Praises Taft.

"Nor do I have to go only to the statement of the past for precedents. The President of the United States, Mr. Taft, has served his country honorably and uprightly in many positions—as judge, as governor of the Philippines, as secretary of war and now as President—for to him and the congress acting with him we owe the creation of a tariff commission; the adoption of maximum and minimum tariff law treaties with foreign powers, the proper treatment of the Philippines under the tariff, the increase in the efficiency of the interstate commerce law, the beginning of a national legislative program providing for the exercise of the taxing power in connection with corporations doing an interstate business, a postal savings bank bill, the constitution of a commission to recommend a remedy for overcapitalization in the issue of stocks and bonds; but none of his services is more deserving of record than what he said in this very matter of criticism of the judiciary. Speaking as a United States circuit judge fifteen years ago, he said:

'The opportunity freely and publicly to criticise judicial action is of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersions and attack. Nothing tends more to render judges careful in their decisions and anxiously solicitous to do exact justice than the consciousness that every act of theirs is to be submitted to the intelligent scrutiny and candid criticism of their fellow men."

COULD ONLY SMELL STEAK

Musician Said His Wife Ate It All Herself.

New York, Sept. 16.—Tender beefsteak and music figured in cases in the domestic relations court in Brooklyn. The beefsteak and music were introduced in the case of Albert Gilbert and his wife of 29 St. Jhon's place.

Gilbert explained that he had bought a juicy steak, and his mouth watered all the way home as he kept thinking how luscious it was going to taste. But he and his wife were not on very good terms. She took the steak from him graciously enough and cooked it so that the house was filled with the fragrance, but when the steak came to the table Mrs. Gilbert wouldn't give any of it to him. He got angry and left the house.

"I don't mind getting out and staying out," said he to Magistrate Naumer, "except that I can't do without my music. She has my mahogany piano. It is the solace of my existence. I'd rather have music than eat, though I'd rather have both."

"If your wife will try cooking you some dainty meals and you will reward her by playing the piano," said the magistrate, "harmony may come out of the present discord. Go home and try it."

TO IMPROVE MINT SYSTEM

Expert Metallurgist Employed by Government to Study Method.

Washington, Sept. 16.—Charles Mindeleff, a New York expert metallurgist, has been engaged by the treasury deparement to make a study of refining and coining gold in the United States mints.

He was engaged by Acting Secretary A. Platt Andrew, and will begin work at once.

Superintendent Kingsford, of the New York assay office, had a conference with treasury officials yesterday about the proposed reorganization in his office. The administrative methods there and in the subtreasury at Philadelphia are to be reorganized.

HAD "SLUSH FUND" FOR ALL

Witness Says Every Candidate Had Whack at Money.

New York, Sept. 16.—The admission that every corporation with which he had ever been identified had not only contributed to political campaign funds, but had contributed to the campaign fund of "everybody that ever ran for office" was made on the stand today by H. H. Vreeland, former president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Co., who was the star witness at today's session of the Merritt investigation committee.

During the year 1903 the corporation of which he had then been president, the Metropolitan Securities Co., contributed $20,000 to $25,000 to the Republican state committee and $17,000 to $18,000 to the Democratic state committee.

CALL TAFT GREAT PRESIDENT

Connecticut Republicans Laud Present Executive.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 14.—At the opening of the Republican state convention today, the committee on resolutions presented its report, in which President Taft is called a good and great President. The report in part follows:

"In William Howard Taft the American people have a good and great President—one of the greatest the White House has known. He brought to the chief magistracy a wonderful training and equipment for its duties. He has been a faithful custodian of the constitution. He has given the country a law-abiding, law-enforcing administration."

BODY PUT ON BONFIRE

Rich Bachelor Calmly Pokes Funeral Pyre With His Pitchfork.

Oneonta, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Edward Pindar, 65 years old, a wealthy, eccentric bachelor of Eminence, N. Y., prepared a funeral pyre yesterday, enveloped the dead body of his brother, William, seventy years old, whose death occurred Sunday from Bright's disease, in a grain sack, dragged it through the fields, and placed it on the pile. Then he completely hid the corpse with an old matress and lighted the mass.

A farmer working in an adjoining field caught the odor of burning flesh and aware of the eccentricities of his neighbor rushed to where Pindar stood poking the fire with a pitchfork. His calm demeanor at once vanished. He told his neighbor that he was only destroying some rubbish. An effort of the neighbor to poke the burning embers set Pindar into a frenzy, further confirming the former's suspicions that all was not well.

Rushing to the house to summon aid, he encountered Undertaker Hubbell, Coroner Wharton and Madison Pindar, a brother of Edward, who had endeavored to go to the body, but had found the bed on which it lay the night before empty. The farmer told them of his suspicions and the party repaired to the field.

Had to be Bound.

By this time Edward was apparently more determined than ever not to be disturbed in his work. It was necessary for the men to bind his hands while members of the party raked the fire, in which the body, much burned, was found. Coroner Wharton and Lipes viewed the body and issued the necessary permit. It was then removed to the house of Madison Pindar.

By this time Edward had been released and had gone to his house. His brother, upon trying to enter the place, found it barred. It was necessary to break in the front door to obtain admission. Inside, armed with a club, Edward fought his brother, but was soon overpowered.

The Pindar farm is situated in the eastern end of Jefferson township on a lonely road. Here, the two eccentric bachelor brothers lived alone since the death of their mother, 9 years ago. They rarely left the place except to attend church. They were known to be wealthy but extremely close fisted.

Of late years neither has been in good health. Edward has been subject to spells of dementia and melancholia, but has never been regarded as dangerous.

Would Keep Death Secret.

Sunday evening Jason Swart, a farm hand, was passing the Pindar place. Seeing Edward Pindar near the barn he asked him how his brother was getting along.

"Dead," was the reply; "but you must tell no one."

Swart at once went to the village and notified Madison Pindar that his brother was dead. The latter at once went to the house and made plans for the funeral. The body, rescued from the flames, was buried today in Eminence. While the funeral services were in progress Edward was at work on his farm.

When asked why he attempted to dispose of the body of his brother in such barbarous fashion he replied that he and William had agreed some years ago that the survivor was to cremate the body of the other.

TRAPPED IN A TURKISH BATH

Benton Harbor Resident Says He Barely Escaped With His Life.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Leslie Holcomb, of Benton Harbor, filed a suit Wednesday in the federal court of Hammond, Ind., for $50,000 damages against the Oliver estate.

Mr. Holcomb says he stopped at the Oliver house, South Bend, last November. Holcomb says, when he was in the steam room of the turkish bath, exceptionally large volumes of steam were turned on and both doors were locked and bolted from the outside. He says he barely escaped 12 hours later with his life.

KILLED IN HIS OWN TRAP

Noble Hunter Stumbled Over Gun He Had Set for Birds.

Paris, Sept. 15.—Baron Jacques Balorre was accidentally killed when shooting pheasants at Chateaux Merantals yesterday. At first it was thought he had been the victim of poachers. He came staggering from the cover and fell dead in his companion's arms. It was discovered he had stumbled over a trap gun which he had ordered set out by the gamekeepers.

SLEUTHS WIN IN LONG CHASE

New York, Sept. 15.—Two New York detectives who arrived today from England on the steamer Adriatic brought with them a prisoner whose capture was recently effected in Norway after along search for him in various parts of the world.

He was Leon H. Marcher, accused of abstracting $4,900 from the safe of the Morse iron works, in Brookline, where he was employed as a bookkeeper, and fleeing to Europe.

Marcher disappeared in April. He was traced to England and then to Norway, where he was arrested by the Christiania police.

THIS SNAKE GOES BY MAIL

Reptile Crawls Out of Bag and Woman Kills It.

Butler, Pa., Sept. 19.—It became known yesterday that for three weeks the federal government has been on the trail of a snake.

Postoffice Inspector George W. Craighead, of Pittsburg, has been assigned to the case upon complaint of Miss Winifred Turk, postmistress at Hillards, that she found the reptile—three feet long—in a sack which was thrown off the train here.

Both Miss Turk and her young woman assistant fled from the postoffice at the discovery, but later the postmistress returned and pluckily killed the reptile.

Railway postal clerks are being examined, but declare their innocence, and say the reptile must have crawled into the bag while it lay on the station platform.

DOG A SUICIDE IN REMORSE

Hangs Itself After Biting Little Master While at Play.

Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 17.—Stricken with grief because he had bitten his little master while at play, Rex, a bulldog owned by James McNeer, of No. 737 Madison avenue, committed suicide this morning. The animal was found lifeless with the chain that fastened him to his kennel wraped about his neck in such a way that it could not have happened accidentally.

When Rex bit James, Jr., the animal whined and licked the injured hand. It was a serious bite and was dressed by Dr. Livingood. The animal's head was sent to the Pasteur Institute.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT Handy, Automatic HAME FASTENER Do away with old hame strap. Horse owners and teamsters wild about them. Fasten instantly with gloves on. Outwear the harness. Money back if not satisfactory. Write today for confidential terms to agents. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 878 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT

New York State Situation Is Discussed—National Affairs Touched Upon.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 20.—The shadow of 1912 hung over the meeting between President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt yesterday, the second since the latter's return from Africa. While the conference, sought by the colonel, dealt mainly with the New York fight, it was plain that the relations of the distinguished gentlemen are somewhat strained and the former cordiality is lacking.

It can be stated that the meeting at New Haven, while it may have been successful in its "scenic effect" and of moral advantage to the Roosevelt leaders in New York state, was absolutely barren of results as to any better understanding between the President and Colonel Roosevelt as to national issues or their personal relations in view of many recent events.

Something in the nature of a truce seems to have been arranged regarding the New York state situation. After this is over, events will shape themselves. Colonel Roosevelt himself is said to have let drop the hint that as to his side of the matter "something would be doing after the elections."

"It is not the province of a state convention to nominate any man for President two years ahead," said Mr. Bannard after the conference. "Connecticut didn't do it; why should New York?"

Taft Sorry About Ohio.

In this connection it became known yesterday that, President Taft deprecated the action of the Ohio Republicans in declaring for him in 1912. He did not think he should be made an issue. The Ohio leaders were anxious, however, that the Taft administration and the legislative record should be made a part of the state campaign, and took this means of bringing it about. If the Taft endorsement for 1912 had been left out of the Ohio platform it would have been in compliance with the President's desire.

Mr. Taft announced anew what he had said in the Griscom letter—that he favored direct primaries for the nomination of congressmen and state legislators. He understands this to be the purport of the Cobb bill as amended by the Seth Low and Joseph Choate memorial. He said he hoped that a declaration for such a primary law would be written into the Republican state platform and that a candidate for governor in sympathy with this movement would be nominated.

Believes in Conventions.

President Taft is not ready, as yet, to admit the advisability of doing away with conventions for the nomination of state officers from governor down. Mr. Taft understands that both Governor Hughes and Colonel Roosevelt are now practically in accord with his own position, although the governor fought at first for direct primaries for all offices.

President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt did not discuss the question of the Presidency in 1912. The President has not been advised as to what Mr. Roosevelt's attitude is toward that campaign. From sources close to the President it was said there was no occasion to discuss this subject. Mr. Taft's position is this: He is willing to run if nominated. If his friends think there is a good chance for him to be re-elected, Mr. Taft feels that they will see to his nomination. Mr. Taft's political friends say if the American people want him for a second term that not even Colonel Roosevelt can prevent his nomination. If the people do not appear to want him, Mr. Taft will be only too glad to submit to their decision.

As to 1912 Mr. Taft is entirely satisfied with the position he has taken. He is not out hunting for delegates or endorsements for renomination. Even the thought the Colonel Roosevelt may be in the fight against him does not appear to disturb the President in the least degree. He feels every man is at liberty to do as he pleases, Colonel Roosevelt among the rest.

ROOSEVELT IS DETERMINED NOT TO BE GOVERNOR

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Well pleased with the result of his conference with President Taft, Theodore Roosevelt returned to Oyster Bay at 7 o'clock last night and drove at once to Sagamore Hill.

"I had a very pleasant interview with the President," said the colonel, "and an entirely satisfactory talk on the New York situation." He admitted that the national situation also had been discussed, but he declined to repeat any of the conversation. It was learned, however, that they had not taken up the question of a candidate for governor of New York. When the colonel was asked whether the conference would have any bearing on his course in the New York state fight he replied that his position would be precisely what it had been.

"There will be no compromise in any way," he said; "this is a straight fight for decency in politics as against bossism."

More emphatically than ever the colonel reitrated his determination not to accept the nomination for governor of New York. He repeated that no one could force the nomination for governor upon him and added that, should the convention be stampeded for him, in spite of his outspoken opposition, he should decline to accept the nomination.

WIFE EATS TO MUCH; HE QUITS

Man Sues for Divorce—She Wants Seven Pounds of Meat.

Seattle, Sept. 17.—If a woman eats seven pounds of meat and 15 pounds of vegetables a day, is her husband entitled to a divorce? Alex Sanderson thinks he is, and has applied for one at Seattle on the grounds that he can't earn enough money to pay for the "eats."

His wife weighs 370 pounds and is more than six feet high. She eats three pounds of beefsteak at a meal, Sanderson says. He weighs 124 pounds. She weighed but 165 pounds when they were married. Since then the increase in her appetite has kept pace with that in her weight.

BOMB ON THE KAISER'S TRACK

Berlin, Sept. 17.—A special dispatch to the Morgen Post from Funfkirchen, Hungary, says that a formidable bomb was discovered yesterday lying on the railroad track in front of Emperor William's train in which he was proceeding to the hunting lodge at Mohacs, 25 miles stoutheast of Funfkirchen.

The correspondent adds that the bomb did not explode.

PLANT WHEAT LATE

A bulletin from the Ohio Agricultural Experiment station presents the following: A little more Hessian fly than usual has been found scattered over the state this season and since we have had no general outbreak of this pest for some years and its parasites may therefore be presumed to be somewhat scarce, it will be best for Ohio farmers to sow a trifle late rather than early this fall. The normal date for sowing in northern Ohio is from the 15th to the 22nd of September, for central Ohio a week or ten days later, and for southern Ohio the last few days in September, or a little better, during the first two weeks of October. By the normal date we mean the date which will produce the largest yield, providing that no insect pests overturn the natural expectation. The normal date for sowing is determined, not by the entomologist, but by the agronomist, and rests upon the average results of sowing grain upon any given date through a long period of years. Only occasionally is it advisable for the entomologist to advise that there be a departure from seeding at the normal time. There is generally no danger, even from Hessian fly, if sowing does not precede the normal date, and at present we think it hardly necessary to suggest any further departure from the normal custom that to say that if departed from at all, this fall, the seeding should be in the direction of a week to ten days later than usual, rather than that much earlier. The dry weather will doubtless operate to destroy many of the pupae or "flaxseeds" of the Hessian fly by dessication, and in those sections there the drouth has been severe and long continued there is probably no need for special apprehension.

AFTER YELLOW PRESS

Mayor Gaynor Makes Bitter Attack on Journalism of New York.

New York, Sept. 20.—That Mayor Gaynor will endeavor to put an end to yellow journalism in New York city, which he blames as the indirect cause of the attempt to assassinate him, is indicated in a copyrighted article published last evening by the New York Evening Post. He calls the Hearst papers "absolutely without souls" and indicates he will appeal to the district attorney and grand jury to check vividly abusive newspaper cartooning and writing.

The Evening Post article includes a letter from the mayor to his sister, Miss Mary Gaynor, of Utica, N. Y. In the letter the mayor says:

"Such journalism is, of course, in absolute defiance of the criminal law, and it did enter my mind to publicly call on the grand jury and the district attorney to protect me from it, but I was weak and feared people would say I was thin-skinned. But the time is at hand when these journalistic scoundreis have got to stop or get out, and I am ready now to do my share to that end.

Dragged to the Depths.

"They are absolutely without souls. If decent people would refuse to look at such newspapers, the thing would right itself at once. The journalism of New York city has been dragged to the lowest depth of degradation. The grossest railleries and libels, instead of honest statements and fair discussion, have gone on unchecked."

Before reaching this conclusion, Mr. Gaynor had written:

"The Reno prize fight pictures had just come up. I had no way to stop theatres from showing them. But the Hearst newspapers kept on denouncing me for not stopping them. They printed that an officer of the Christian Endeavor society named Lowande asked me to stop the pictures and that I told him he 'was a fool and was sent by fools.'

"I had never said such a thing.

Clipped Abusive Articles.

"Meanwhile, people of wicked or disordered minds, of whom there are a large number in New York city, would cut these articles out and send them to me with abuse and threats written on the margin.

"Even some sensational ministers wrote to me as though they believed it. It was during this time that it first entered my head that I might be in danger."

Mr. Gaynor gives his impressions at the time he was shot on the steamship Kaiser William der Grosse. The mayor says he has not read a line of what was printed about the shooting, nor does he now remember the name of the man who shot him. He wrote:

Not Afraid to Die.

"I was not a bit afraid to die if that was God's will of me. I said to myself, 'Just as well now as a few years from now.' No one who contemplates the immensity of Almighty God, and of His universe, and His works, and realizes what an atom he is in it all, can fear to die in this flesh, yea, even though it were true that he is to be dissolved forever into the infinity of matter and mind from which he came."

The mayor describes how he was chatting with friends on the liner's deck.

"My next consciousness," he writes, "was of a terrible metallic roar in my head. It filled my head, which seemed as though it would burst open. It swelled to the highest pitch and then fell, and then rose again, and so alternated until it subsided into a continuous buzz. It was sickening, but my stomach did not give way. I was meanwhile entirely sightless."

ATTACK ON YANKEES' DIET

Chicago Medic Says Rice and Vegetables Make Turks Sleek.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 16.—Well cooked vegetables, rice and meat as opposed to New England mince pie and Boston baked beans has made the "graceful, self controlled Turk, the superior of the nervous, lank New Englander." This was the contention laid down before the Mississippi Valley Medical association yesterday by Dr. Fenlon B. Turck, of Chicago.

"Diet has more to do with the making of great men or the deteriorating of the human race to the level of the brute than anything else," declared Dr. Turck.

"Compare that armor plate mince pie diet indulged in by all America with the two sane meals a day that are enabling Turkey to produce the finest specimens of physical manhood in the world. Mince pie and beans are bringing about race deterioration, not alone in Connecticut and Maine."

NEW JERSEY DEMOCRATS SELECT WOODROW WILSON

Trenton, N. J., Sept 16.—Yesterday's New Jersey Democratic state convention nominated Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton university, for the office of governor of the state.

Dr. Wilson's nomination was brought about largely through the influence of former United States Senator James Smith, Jr., of Essex county, who is undisputed Democratic leader of the state, and Robert Davis, leader of the Hudson Democracy, who for the first time in many years acted in harmony with Senator Smith. Besides this support Dr. Wilson had with him a number of independent Democrats who believed that because of his standing as an educator he would make an unusually strong candidate.

Wins on First Ballot.

Dr. Wilson was nominated on the first ballot and recived 40 more votes than was necessary to nominate him. The platform adopted was in line with the Democratic platform of three years ago except that it was more specific in advocacy of reform measures, including the conferring of rate-making power upon the present public utilities commission.

Dr. Wilson, after his nomination came before the convention, accepted the nomination and made an address which was highly pleasing to the delegates.

LARGEST LAND SALE.

Washington, Sept. 13.—What is declared to be the largest auction sale of lands ever ordered at one time will take place on the Crow (Montana) and the Uintah (Utah) Indian reservations on October 15 and November 1 next, respectively.

About 1,500,000 acres at not less than $2 an acre, suitable principally for dry farming and grazing, are involved in the sale, which was ordered by the President and the secretary of the interior under directions from congress.

MRS. T. R., JR., OWN GARDENER

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 16.—A shining example of simplicity is set by Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who greatly to the amazement of Pacific avenue, does her own gardening. In the early evenings she trails a pretty house gown across her lawn, dragging a fraction of a mile of rubber hose, with which geraniums and roses are carefully sprinkled.

The retiring son of his famous father follows with advice and suggestions, but Mrs. Roosevelt herself does the work. Back of the house is a garden where Mrs. Roosevelt spends much time among the nasturtiums, roses and heliotrope, whose profusion is a delight to her.

THIS AGENT EARNS $200 MONTHLY selling the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Anyone can fit them to the weakest eyes with our improved Metal Eye Tester, given free with an Agent's Outfit. Write for special agents and dealers terms. Address—Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., Desk 120 St. Louis, Mo.

Great Bargain Offer For Blade Readers

We have told you in these columns on several occasions that we had odd lots of merchandise used in the Premium Dept. of our daily paper which we were disposing of at a great loss. Early in the year we purchased ten thousand 12-piece tea sets. We still have 2,310 of these sets on hand and we want to sell them in the quickest possible time, so we make a most unusual offer—one that means a great loss to us. But let the loss be what it may, these tea sets must go.

12-Piece Tea Set

6 cups 6 saucers

This set is an exclusive design, holly decoration and is the fiinest grade of American china.

We sell one set at.... 98c

But as it costs us nearly as much for delivery of one set as it costs to deliver 3, we pack and crate three sets together and

We Offer 3 Complete Sets for $2

Understand, however, the three sets will reach the purchaser packed in one crate. You need have no hesitancy in having two of your friends or neighbors join you in this purchase. In this way each one gets a set for 67c.

Important Notice Remittances should be made by United States money order, express money order or bank draft and payable to THE BLADE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO. Full shipping directions should accompany each order. All orders should be addressed plainly to........

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CORN AND HIGH PORK

Secretary Wilson Declares Farmers Won't Feed 60c Grain to Hogs.

Washington, Sept. 18.—"Our corn crop will be an important factor in preserving the prosperity which our farmers have been enjoying for some years," said Secretary of Agriculture Wilson today.

"It is difficult to induce the farmers to feed 60 cent corn to hogs; hence the high price of all pork products. Most farmers will not take the chance of earning 60 cents a bushel upon their corn by converting it into meat. They would rather turn the corn directly into cash.

"While the cartoons we see representing farmers as the owners of automobiles, are amusing, there has been very little use found for them upon farms. It is not because the farmers are unable to buy them. My observations and the information which reaches me, place the farmers in comfortable circumstances. They are now enjoying many of the modern conveniences in their own homes. The farms are not isolated as in the old days; the farmers have money in bank. But I do not believe they are enjoying more than a fair and reasonable return upon their products. It is not the farmers' profits which have forced the high prices.

Must Make Acre Grow More.

"Production is not keeping pace with consumption; it will catch up some day, but just how soon I am not willing at this time to predict. There must be important changes made in farming before the intensity of production will be what it should be. When the narrow strip of land east of the Alleghenies was not sufficient to produce the food supplies required, the railroads crossed the mountains and opened up the wonderful Mississippi valley. Now, however, we have occupied, broadly speaking, all our agricultural lands, and the time has come when we must make the acre produce more.

"It must be admitted that in one respect our farmers are committing a serious error. They are not maintaining the fertility of their lands by raising the cattle, sheep and hogs they should grow. It is true they are giving consideration to methods of increasing production by crop rotation, by clover crops and by plowing under. They should utilize every pound of mill feed produced in this country instead of permitting it to be shipped abroad in such large quantities to be used in Denmark and other countries in producing the millions of pounds of butter which are shipped into England each year. This butter-making adds to the life of the soil, increases productiveness.

Too Much for Middlemen.

"It is true that those farmers who have gone into dairying have not met the encouragement they deserved. With milk selling in the cities at from 8 cents a quart up, the best the farmers can do is 3 cents. That is, the producer gets less than half the retail price, the middlemen taking the balance for transportation and delivery.

THE MARKETS

New York Stocks.

Stocks	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
	New York, Sept. 20.			
Am. Loco com	37¼	37¼	37¼	37¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	116¼	116½	116	116
Atchison	98⅜	98⅝	97⅞	98⅝
Am. Car and F. Co.	46⅜	46⅜	46⅜	46⅜
Anaconda	38⅝	38⅝	38⅝	38⅝
Amal. Copper	63⅜	63½	62⅝	63
Am. Smelters	66	66⅛	65¼	65¾
Am. Woolen Co.	28	28	27¾	28
Am. Tel. and Tel.	134⅞	134⅞	134⅝	134⅝
Am. Beet Sugar	36⅞	38⅛	36⅞	37⅝
Balt. and Ohio	104⅜	104½	103⅝	104¼
B'lyn R. Trans	75¼	75¼	74⅝	74⅜
Beth Steel com	27⅞	27⅞	27½	27½
Canadian Pac.	190¼	191⅝	189⅞	189⅞
Clover Leaf	23	23⅛	23	23⅛
Clover Leaf pfd	52	52¼	52	52¼
Ches. and Ohio	74⅞	75⅛	74⅛	74½
Central Leather	32⅜	32⅝	32⅜	32⅜
Consolidated Gas	131	131⅛	130	130
Can. pfd	67⅝	67⅝	66½	66½
Corn Product com	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞	13⅞
Erie com	25½	25½	25¼	25¼
Erie 1st pfd	43	43	43	43
Gt. Northern pfd	123½	124¼	123½	123¾
Ill. Central	129	129	128	128
Interborough com	20¾	21	19⅞	21
Interborough pfd	55	55¼	55⅜	55¼
Louis & Nash	142¼	142½	142¼	142½
Laclede Gas	100¼	100⅝	100¼	100⅝
Merc. Marine pfd	16⅜	17¼	16⅝	16⅞
Missouri Pacific	53¼	53⅛	52½	52½
M. S. M.	132¼	132⅝	132¼	132⅝
M. K. & T. com	31⅝	31⅝	31⅝	31⅝
Nor. Pacific	113½	114⅛	113½	114
Nat'l Lead	50⅜	50⅜	50⅜	50⅜
Northwestern	144¼	144⅜	144¼	144⅜
N. Y. Central	113	113⅝	112⅞	113¼
N. & W. com	96⅝	96⅝	96½	96½
Penn. Ry	128⅜	128⅜	128	128¼
Pacific Mail	28⅝	29½	28⅝	28⅝
People's Gas Co.	107¼	107⅞	107¼	107⅝
Reading com.	140⅞	141⅝	139⅞	140⅝
Rock Island	31	31	30⅞	30¾
Rock Island pfd	62	62	62	62
South. Ry.	23	23¼	23	23¼
South. Ry. pfd	52⅝	52⅝	52	52
St. Paul	121½	121⅛	120¼	120¾
South. Pacific	113⅞	114¼	113⅜	113¾
So. Pac. Con. 4's	97⅝	97⅝	97½	97⅝
Sloss Shef. com	55½	55½	55½	55½
Tenn. Copper	31⅝	32½	31⅝	32
Union Pacific	164⅜	165⅜	163⅞	164¾
Union Pac. pfd	90⅜	90⅜	90⅜	90⅜
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102¼	102½	102¼	102½
U. S. Steel	67⅞	68¼	66⅞	66¾
U. S. Steel pfd	116	116⅛	116	116⅛
U. S. Steel 5's	104	104⅛	104	104
U. S. Rubber com	34	34	34	34
Utah Copper	45¾	46¼	45½	45½
Virginia Chem.	58	58	57	57
Wabash com	16¼	16¼	16¼	16¼
Wabash pfd	35¼	35⅜	34¾	34¾

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 20.—(Wall Street)—Gains of ¼ to a full point were made by the principal active stocks in the first minutes of trading today. Dealings were fairly active and well distributed. Union Pacific, Reading, and American Smelting made 1 point advances and St. Paul, New York Central, Missouri Pacific and Pacific Mail large fractions. Louisville & Nashville declined 4 and Central Railroad of New Jersey sold at a decline of 5.

A handful of specialties moved up sharply, but the usual market leaders did not rise much over the opening figures. Manhattan gained 2¼, Pacific Mail 1⅝, Consolidated Gas 1¼ and Southern Railway preferred, American Sugar, Tennessee Copper and American Linseed Oil 1.

Dealings in stocks were restricted to professional hands. The rise in prices was in consequence of resistance yesterday to operations for the decline. The advance in turn attracted selling orders and limited the movement. Northern Pacific and Mercantile Marine preferred rose 1, but the general line receded from the first hour's prices. Bonds were firm.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 20.—When wheat opened today the market was uplifted by strong cables. Later in the morning, however, prices were allowed to drift back when bulls failed to show aggression. In the Toledo market basic conditions appear bearish. Millers are loaded up to the gunwale, so to speak, and figures from the Produce Exchange show stocks, particularly of contract, unusually heavy. There is twice as much 2 red soft winter in store than a year ago. The same conditions prevail to a more or less extent in all terminal markets of the winter districts. Toledo cash and September opened ½c higher at $1.01. December ⅝c advanced at $1.04¼, and May ⅝c up at at $1.09.

A local expert says America has held prices too high, a thing that has enabled Russia and other countries to load up European countries. The market held its advance well, though not much ground was gained. Liverpool closed a full point higher. Toledo cash and September finished ¾c higher at $1.01¼, December ⅝c up at $1.04⅜, May ¾c up at $1.09⅛.

Hopes of the growers and bears, apparently, are being realized as far as corn weather is concerned. Failure of frost to arrive in 10 days means that the bulk of th crop will be safe. In fact, cutting is general in the local territory now. September opened unchanged at 58c, December ¼c down at 55⅛c, and May ⅛c off at 58⅛c.

Cash and September closed ½c off at 57½c, December ⅝c lower at 54¾c, May ½c down at 57⅞c.

Oats opened unchanged to ¼c down. September started at 36¾c. December at 37¾c and May at 40¾c.

Final oats prices: Cash and September 36¾c December 37⅝c, May 40½c.

All clover seed options were at $9.40 on the call, the market suffering a loss of 10c. There were no changes up till midday.

At the close the market stood at $9.50, excepting March, which finished at $9.52½.

				—Close—	
	Open.	High.	Low.	Sept.20.	Sept.19.
TOLEDO.					
Wheat—					
Cash	1.01	....	....	1.01¼	1.00¼
Sept.	1.01	....	....	1.01¼	1.00½
Dec.	1.04¼	....	....	1.04⅜	1.03⅝
May	1.09	....	....	1.09⅛	1.08⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	57½	58
Sept.	58	....	....	57½	58
Dec.	55¼	....	....	54¾	55⅜
May	58⅛	....	....	57⅞	58⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	36¾	36¾
Sept	36¾	....	....	36¾	36⅝
Dec	37¾	37⅞	....	37⅝	37⅝
May	40¾	....	....	40½	40⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	9.40	....	....	9.50	9.50
Oct	9.40	....	....	9.50	9.50
Dec	9.40	....	....	9.50	9.50
March	9.40	....	....	9.50½	9.50
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	72½	71
No. 3	....	....	....	68½	67½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Sept	....	....	....	4.40	4.40
Oct	....	....	....	4.35	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.40	9.40
Oct	....	....	....	9.35	9.35
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	97	97¼	96¾	97	96½
Dec.	1.00⅝	1.00⅞	1.00¼	1.00⅝	1.00
May	1.06¼	1.06⅝	1.06⅛	1.06½	1.05⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	55	55¼	....	54½	55¾
Dec.	53	53¼	52¼	52⅜	53
May	56	56⅜	....	55½	56¼
Oats—					
Sept.	34⅛	34¼	....	34	34¼
Dec.	35½	35⅝	....	35¼	35⅝
May	38⅜	....	38⅛	38¼	38⅜
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Sept	1.04½	....	....	1.04⅝	1.04¼
Dec	1.08¼	....	....	1.08⅜	1.07⅝
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept	98½	....	....	98½	98¼
Dec	1.01⅝	....	....	1.01⅝	1.01¼
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.08⅞	1.08⅛
Dec	....	....	....	1.11⅛	1.10⅝
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.13½	1.13
Dec.	....	....	....	1.13⅛	1.12¾
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Oct.	19.67	....	19.65	19.72	19.72
Jan.	18.27	....	....	18.37	18.32
May	18.25	....	....	....	....
Lard—					
Oct.	12.32	12.52	....	12.50	12.30
Jan.	10.65	10.70	....	10.72	10.67
Ribs—					
Oct.	11.35	11.47	....	11.45	11.35
Jan.	9.72	....	9.70	9.72	9.72

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 20.—Hog receipts were liberal and the market was 10c to 15c lower. Other line remained steady.

Other live stock quotations

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.40@9.50; good mediums, $9.50@9.65; heavy yorkers, $9.70@9.75; light yorkers, $9.50@9.65; good mixed, 150 pounds and up, $9.60@9.70; good pigs, $9.50@9.60; bulk of sales, $9.50@9.75; stags and roughs, $7.00@8.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $3.50@4.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $3.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fate heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; culls to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $10.00 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 11,000; market slow; beeves, $4.80@8.25; Texas steers, $3.75@6.00; western steers, $4.25@7.00; stockers and feeders, $4.25@5.90; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.35; calves, $6.75@9.50. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 14,000; market steady to 5c lower than yesterday's average; light, $9.30@9.75; mixed, $8.40@9.60; heavy, $8.80@9.60; rough, $8.80@ good to choice heavy, $8.50@9.50; pigs, $ 9.55; bulk of sales, $8.60@9.10. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 28,000; market steady; native $2.75@4.55; western, $3.25@4.50; yearlings $4.75@5.75; lambs, native, $5.25@7.25; western $5.50@7.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 20.—Cattle—Five slow. Hogs—Ten cars, weak; heavy, $ 9.50; yorkers, $9.90; pigs, $9.80. Sheep cars, strong; best lambs, $7.90; yearlings @6.90; wethers, $5; ewes, $4.30@4. —$5.00@10.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 20.—(By Bower & B Hogs, receipts 25 cars; market lower; $9.70; heavy, $9.15@9.25. Calves, $10; $7.65; cattle, $4.50@6.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Sept. 20.—(By Live Stock Jour Cattel, steady. Hogs, receipts 1,500; slow, $9.65@9.75; mediums, $9.85@9.90; yorkers $9.85; lights, $9.60@9.70; pigs, $9. firm at $4.75 down; top lambs, $7.50; steady at $10.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin Creamery, 1 lb 30c; solid pack, 29c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; butter, prime 26c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16c; New York 17c; brick, 17c; limburger, 18@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 24c; candled, [illegible] 2, 22c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.[illegible] grown, 65c.

Celery—Michigan, 15@25c.

Lettuce—12½@14c; head, home-grown $1.40.

Endive—Dozen, 80c.

Peppers—Green, bu., 85@90c.

Green Corn—8@10c.

Wax Beans—Bu., 75@$1.00.

Egg Plant—Dozen, 50@75c.

Summer Squash—Doz., 35@45c; Boston marrow, $1.00; Hubbard, doz., $2.00@2.25.

Tomatoes—Home-grown, bu., 70c.

Potatoes—New, bbl., $2.40@2.50; bu., 85c.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., Va., $2.00; [illegible] $3.25.

Turnips—Bu., 85c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $1.00@1.[illegible]

Cauliflower—Doz., $1.50@2.00.

Cucumbers—Hot-house, fancy, 15@25c.

Beets—Bu., 50@60c.

Radishes—10c doz.; Parsley, doz. [illegible] 12½c.

Carrots—Bu., 40c.

Cranberries—Oak bog, $2.00@2.25; Cape $2.50@2.75.

Bananas—Bunch $1.00@1.50.

Apples—75c@$1.25 bu.; crabapples, [illegible]

Lemons—California, $5.50@6.00; Italian, @5.50.

Peaches—Home-grown, bu., AA, $2.00; A., $1.50@1.75. B., $1.00@1.25; C., [illegible] fancy, $2.25.

Limes—$1.25 a hundred.

Oranges—Valencia, $4.00@4.75.

Plums—Small basket Rene Claude, [illegible] bards, 30c.

Pears, bu., $1.00@1.25.

Grapes—Home-grown, dozen 1-10 lb. $1.25.

Cantaloupes—Tip-Tops, barrel, $2.00; Osage, bu., 75@90c; [illegible] way case, dozen, $1.00; watermelons, 20@

Olive Oil—Pure, gal., $3.00.

Peanut Butter, 11c; Spanish salted peanuts 12c.

Honey—(New), 17c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 3c.

Horseradish—Pound, 6c.

Poultry—11@12c; roosters, 10c; broilers 13c; ducks, 11@12c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 11½@12½c; [illegible] rough, 9@10c; calves, prime, 12c; lambs 10½@11½c.

Yearling lambs, 10c; spring lambs, [illegible] pelts off; sheep, 6@8c.

Cow Beef—5@9c.

Steers—10@12c.

Heifers—7@10c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Sept. 20.—Butter—Market [illegible] creamery extras, 31½@32c; prints, [illegible] firsts, 30½@31c; seconds, 29½@[illegible] 24@25c process extras, 27½@28c; [illegible] 26@26½c. Cheese—Firm; full cream fancy York @17½c; Ohio full cream, 16@16½c; brick, No. 1, 21@22c; No. 2, 19@20c; limburger, 17@18c. Eggs—Firm; fresh extra firsts, 26½c; do firsts, 24c; [illegible] receipts, 23½c; seconds, 18c. Poultry—[illegible] Quiet; fowls, 15@16c; old do, 11c; [illegible] spring ducks, 15@16c; old 17@18c; geese, spring, 24@25c; old 17@18c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Butter steady, [illegible] 24@28c; dairies 23@27c. Eggs steady, [illegible] 10,197 cases, at mark, cases included 20½c; firsts 22c; prime firsts [illegible] steady; Daisies 16½@16¾c; Twins 15¾@ Americas 16¾@16¾c; Long Horns [illegible] Potatoes firm; choice to fancy 75@80c; good 60@70c. Poultry steady, turkeys [illegible] 13½c; springs 13c; Veal steady, 50 to 60 [illegible] wts 8¼c; 60 to 85 lb. wts [illegible] wts. 10¼c.

New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 20.—Butter, easy; [illegible] 17,969; creamery specials, [illegible] third to first, 24@29c; state dairy, [illegible] finest, 28c; process, 23@28c; [illegible] 27c. Cheese, quiet but firm; prices [illegible] receipts 7,632. Eggs, firm; receipts [illegible] Pennsylvania and nearby, hennery [illegible] gathered white, 30@36c; do hennery [illegible] 30@32c; do gathered brown, [illegible] Poultry, alive, irregular; springers [illegible] fowls 16c; turkeys [illegible]. Dressed [illegible] western broilers 17@20c; fowls 14@[illegible] turkeys 20@27c.

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 20.—Cotton futures steady; September, 13.52@13.60c; January 13.12c; December, 12.98c; [illegible] March, 13.02c; May, 13.05@13.06c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 6 points in response to firmer cables than expected and soon sold up to a net advance of about 8@9 points on covering and buying for long account, which appeared inspired by reports of steadier southern offerings, and by a better demand from mills and exporters. Business was quiet, but the market about the middle of the day reacted a point or two, but the tone was generally steady.

Business continued very quiet late in the forenoon, but offerings became slightly lighter when prices showed a net gain of from 15 to 19 points and the market later reacted [illegible] being [illegible] points net higher. Spot quiet; middling upland, 14.[illegible]; middling gulf, 14.00c nominal.

Estimated receipts at the ports today, [illegible] bales, against 38,657 last week and [illegible] year. For the week 275,000 bales, against 168,763 last week and 276,604 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans [illegible] bales, against 2,576 last year and at Houston [illegible] bales, against 8,094 last year.

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